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ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

The death of Robert Louis Stevenson, on the third of December, in his South Sea Island home, is a grief to the whole English-speaking world. Wherever our tongue is spoken, in England and in America, in India, Australia, and South Africa, his name has been a household word for at least ten years past, and his books have brought delight into countless lives, young and old. Now, that rare spirit has left its too frail tenement, and only a memory remains with those who loved him. Even the healing airs of the Pacific availed to prolong only for a few brief years the precious existence upon which disease had already fastened when Bournemouth was exchanged for Samoa; but those years, few as they have been, have proved the most richly productive of his career, and our grief becomes the more poignant when we realize that he has been stricken in the very fulness of his powers, and when we think of what treasures one more decade of his life might have added to our literature.

As it is, the list of Mr. Stevenson's books is a long one, longer than stands to the credit of many a writer who rounds out the scriptural tale of years. And when we consider, on the one hand, the physical disabilities under which the author labored, and, on the other, the faultless workmanship as well as the prevailing manliness and sanity of his output, we must reckon him among the most remarkable literary figures of the time. He served a long and painful apprenticeship to his art; he waited until he felt himself well in hand; and then, in spite of bodily conditions that would have daunted the will and quenched the ambition of the great majority of men, he began that steady stream of literary production whose flow was to cease only with his life. He would seem to have taken deeply to heart Spinoza's noble maxim that the free man thinks of nothing less than of death, and, with death for years staring him in the face, he asserted his spiritual freedom by writing volume after volume, in which the predominant note is one of cheer and in which the morbid finds scarcely a foothold. One thinks of Condorcet in prison, waiting for the

summons of the executioner, yet living "in an elysium that his reason has known how to create for itself, and that his love for humanity adorns with all purest delights."

Mr. Stevenson, in spite of his excursions into other fields of literature, will be best remembered as a novelist. He has seemed, indeed, of late years to recognize that this was his true vocation; and most of his recent work, as well as most of that planned for the immediate future, was in fiction. His novels are far from being of equal excellence. Some of them—"Prince Otto," "The Black Arrow," "The Wrong Box," "The Wreckers," "The Ebb-Tide," must be regarded as relative failures—with some insistence upon the relativity. The "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," with all its fantastic psychological strength, is hardly to be ranked among the masterpieces. But of "The Master of Ballantrae," of "Kidnapped" and its sequel "Catriona," and of the best of the "New Arabian Nights" stories, there can be no question; nor can there be any of "Treasure Island," equally good reading for young and old. Little fiction of the last ten years has so fair a chance of immortality as these books.

Of the many volumes of miscellaneous prose other than fiction, it is hard to single out those most likely to live. Hardly one of them is without its admirers if not its zealous partisans. Among the collections of essays, the "Virginibus Puerisque" volume has perhaps the warmest place in the affections of the most discriminating readers. But let no one on this account neglect the "Familiar Studies of Men and Books," the "Memories and Portraits," or the papers gathered under the title of "Across the Plains." As for the altogether delightful books of travel, we find it impossible to choose between "An Inland Voyage" and "Travels with a Donkey in the Cévennes." And of course a special word must be given to the group of books that deal with life in the Southern Seas, to the fiction of the "Island Nights Entertainments," to the fact of "A Footnote to History," and to the stirring verse of the "Ballads." In this connection, we instantly associate Mr. Stevenson with Melville, and "Pierre Loti," and Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard; and he seems to head the list.

As for Mr. Stevenson's verse, while it is of no great consequence, yet it cannot be left unmentioned. Besides the "Ballads" already alluded to, there is "A Child's Garden of Verse," that unique illustration of the projec-

tion of an adult into a youthful mind, and the collection called "Underwoods," containing many charming poems of nature and of friendship, written in English and in Scots, and from which we must select as the writer's own singularly fitting epitaph this lovely "Requiem":

"Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie,
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

"This be the verse you grave for me,
Here he lies where he longed to be,
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

He has his wish now, for with the news of his death came the statement that he had been buried upon the summit of a mountain overlooking his Samoan home.

The story of the dead writer's life may be simply told, and for it he has himself supplied the facts. Born in Edinburgh, November 13, 1850, of a family of lighthouse engineers, he was destined for the ancestral calling. He attended school and university in Edinburgh, discovered that he did not want to be a civil engineer after all, tried the law, finding that equally distasteful, and determined to train himself for the profession of letters. At the age of twenty-three he began those wanderings in search of health that were to end only in the antipodes. We can trace these wanderings in his books, beginning with "Ordered South," and continuing the series through "Travels with a Donkey," "An Inland Voyage," "Across the Plains," and "The Silverado Squatters." The latter two books resulted from a steerage trip to America in 1879, and a journey to the Pacific Coast on an emigrant train. While in San Francisco he married Mrs. Osbourne. During the ensuing years, he lived at Bournemouth, in Scotland, and in various Continental resorts. In 1887 he made a second visit to America, and spent a winter in the Adirondacks. The summer following, he went to the Samoan islands, became so fascinated with the place that he purchased an estate, and settled down for the remainder of his days. How few those days were to be, we now know. But six years of domestic happiness and of healthful activity were no small boon for a man whose whole adult life had been a struggle for existence, and we doubt not he appreciated the blessing to the full. At all events his best was done in that peaceful retreat, and he himself was probably glad to accept it as his final resting-place.

IBSEN'S NEW PLAY, "LILLE EYOLF."

Since the publication of "En Folkets Fiende" in 1882, every second year has been marked by the appearance of a new play from the pen of Dr. Ibsen. Two years may seem a long time to be given to the composition of a prose drama that occupies less than two hours in the acting, and fills a printed volume of very modest dimensions; but we are assured by the author's biographer that the two years really go to the making of the work, and that the final product is the result of a *labor limæ* for which few modern writers have the requisite patience. It is only after careful study that we may comprehend the infinite pains bestowed upon every detail of these remarkable works, or realize that few poets give their verse the elaboration bestowed by Dr. Ibsen upon the polished prose of his dialogue.

The new play, which has just been received from Copenhagen, and of which translations into English, German, French, Russian, Dutch, Hungarian, Bohemian, and Polish have been arranged, is entitled "Lille Eyolf," and is in three acts. Coming after "Hedda Gabler" and "Bygmester Solness," it is a relief to the reader, for it is simpler in plan and more obvious in significance. Many of its passages are far-reaching in their implications, and strike into the very depths of the soul; but the reader is not all the time haunted by the suggestion of some elusive allegory, some hidden meaning that leads him a will-o'-the-wisp chase and lands him in a bog of conjecture. Even the most ardent of symbolists may possibly be content to take this play for what it is, and see in it nothing more than a direct transcript of life under ideal conditions arranged by a consummate artistic sense.

Alfred Allmers and his wife, Rita, have been married for some ten years, and have one child, a boy of nine, named Eyolf. The child has been crippled in infancy, and is just reaching the age when he realizes the difference between himself and other boys sound of limb. The father, passionately attached to his child, has determined to devote himself to his happiness, and bring what harmony is yet possible into a life so unfitted to battle for itself. He thus states his new-found aim:

"I will try to bring to light all the rich possibilities that are dawning in his childish soul. I will bring to full growth, to flower and fruit, every germ of noble purpose within him. And I will do more than that. I will help him to harmonize his wishes with what things are attainable by him. For now they are not in harmony. He longs for things that will be unattainable all his life long. But I will create joy in his mind."

These plans are all broken off by the accidental drowning in the fjord of the child, whose winsome figure, like that of Mamillius in "The Winter's Tale," makes but the briefest appearance upon the scene, then passes from our sight, although never from our memory.

The remaining two acts of the play are essentially a study of two women and their relations with All-

mers. The one is his wife, the other Asta Allmers, supposed to be his half-sister. With the latter he has grown up from childhood in the closest intimacy. Now, following close upon the loss of the child, comes the discovery that the supposed relationship of brother and sister does not exist; and the other discovery, which both realize as by a lightning flash, but which neither ventures to commit to words, that they are more to one another than even a brother and sister can be. This situation, which is treated with the greatest delicacy, closes the second act.

Allmers. Asta! What are you saying?

Asta. Read the letters. Then you will see—and understand. And perhaps you will forgive—my mother, also.

Allmers. [Putting his hands to his head.] I cannot grasp it, cannot hold fast to the thought. You, Asta, then you are not—?

Asta. You are not my brother, Alfred.

Allmers. [Quickly, half-defiant, gazing upon her.] Well, but how does that alter our relations after all? Not in the least.

Asta. [Shaking her head.] It alters everything, Alfred. Our relation is not that of brother and sister.

Allmers. No, no! But as sacred for all that. It will always be as sacred.

Asta. Do not forget that you are subject to the law of mutability, as you said but now.

Allmers. [Looking searchingly at her.] Do you mean by that—?

Asta. [Quietly, but deeply stirred.] Not a word more, dear, dear Alfred. [Taking up some flowers from a chair.] Do you see these water-lilies?

Allmers. [Nodding slowly.] They are of the sort that shoot up—far up from the depths.

Asta. I picked them in the pool. There, where it flows out into the fjord. [Holding them out to him.] Will you have them, Alfred?

Allmers. [Taking them.] Thank you.

Asta. [With tearful eyes.] They are like a last greeting to you from—from little Eyolf.

Allmers. [Gazing upon her.] From Eyolf out yonder? Or from you?

Asta. [Softly.] From us both. Come with me to Rita.

Allmers. [Taking his hat and murmuring.] Asta. Eyolf. Little Eyolf!

The character of Rita, the wife, is less transparent than that of Asta, and her motives are not so easily laid bare. In the first act she is presented to us as attached to Allmers to the point of grudging him his interest in his intellectual pursuits, his affection for his sister, and even his absorption in the child. She sees with delight the prospect of a marriage between Asta and a young engineer who has for some time been laying siege to the sister's heart.

Rita. I should be very glad to see a match made between him and Asta.

Allmers. [Discontented.] Why would you like that?

Rita. [With rising emotion.] Because then she would have to go far away with him. She could never come out to us the way she does now.

Allmers. [Looking at her with amazement.] What! Would you like to get rid of Asta?

Rita. Yes, yes, Alfred.

Allmers. But why in all the world—?

Rita. [Passionately throwing her arms about his neck.] Because then I should at last have you for myself alone. Yet—not quite then even. Not wholly for myself. [Bursting into convulsive tears.] Oh, Alfred, Alfred—I cannot give you up!

Allmers. [Gently freeing himself.] But, dearest Rita, be reasonable.

Rita. No, I don't care the least bit about being reasonable. I care only about you. For you alone in the whole world. [Flinging herself upon his neck again.] For you, for you, for you!

Allmers. Let go, let go,—you hurt me.

Rita. [Releasing him.] If I only could. [With flashing eyes.] Oh, if you only knew, how I have hated you!

Allmers. Hated me?

Rita. Yes, when you sat in there by yourself, brooding over your work. Long, long into the night. [Plaintively.] So long, so late, Alfred. Oh, how I hated your work!

Allmers. But now I have given it all up.

Rita. [Laughing harshly.] Indeed! Now you are absorbed in something yet worse.

Allmers. [Excited.] Worse! Do you call the child something worse?

Rita. [Vehemently.] Yes, I do. In the relation between us two, I call him that. For the child,—the child is besides a living human being, he is. [With increasing agitation.] But I will not bear it, Alfred! I will not bear it, and I tell you so!

Allmers. [In a low voice, looking fixedly at her.] I am almost afraid of you at times, Rita.

Rita. [Darkly.] I am often afraid of myself. And for just that reason you must not arouse the evil in me.

This scene strikes the keynote of Rita's character. She displays jealousy, undoubtedly, but jealousy of a complex sort, jealousy even more morbid than that passion usually is. The problem of the remaining two acts is that of working out the effects of the child's death upon this passionate nature, and upon the nature, equally passionate in its depths but outwardly more restrained, of Allmers.

To trace the process by which these stricken souls find peace would be impossible without translating the greater part of the two acts that follow. For peace finally comes—or we are at least assured that its advent is imminent—to her, through love, now first realized, for the memory of the lost child; to him, through a deeper penetration into the mystery of life. At first dazed with grief, the future a blank to both, they instinctively turn to one another for help, and, in community of grief, grope towards that higher plane of thought and feeling which is attainable by the courageous, but, perhaps, only through the refiner's fire of suffering. We leave them with the ascent well begun, and the goal dimly in view. Moved by a common impulse of altruism, they resolve, thus bereft of their own child, to make better and brighter the lives of the village children about them, the very children who had made no effort to save Eyolf from his fate. We translate the beautiful scene with which the play ends:

Allmers. What do you really think you can do for all these poverty-stricken children?

Rita. I will try to see if I cannot soften—and ennoble their lot.

Allmers. If you can do that, little Eyolf was not born in vain.

Rita. Nor in vain taken from us.

Allmers. [Looking fixedly at her.] Have no illusion upon one point, Rita. It is not love that impels you to this course.

Rita. No, it is not that. At least not yet.

Allmers. What is it, really?

Rita. [Half evasively.] You have so often talked to Asta about human responsibility—

Allmers. About the book you hated.

Rita. I still hate the book. But I sat and listened when you spoke. And now I want to test myself. In my own way.

Allmers. [Shaking his head.] It is not for the sake of the unfinished book?

Rita. No, I have a reason for it.

Allmers. What?

Rita. [With a melancholy smile.] I want to find favor in those big, open eyes, you see.

Allmers. [Resolutely, fixing his gaze upon her.] Could I not be with you, and help you, Rita?

Rita. Would you?

Allmers. Yes, if I only knew that I could.

Rita. [Lingeringly.] But then you would have to stay here.

Allmers. [Gently.] Let us try to make it succeed.

Rita. [In a barely audible voice.] Let us try, Alfred.

[Both are silent. Allmers goes to the staff and raises the flag that has floated at half-mast. Rita watches him in silence.]

Allmers. [Coming back to her.] There is a hard day's work before us, Rita.

Rita. But you shall see the peace of the sabbath fall upon us once more.

Allmers. [With quiet emotion.] Perchance we shall have visits from the world of spirits.

Rita. [Whispering.] Spirits?

Allmers. Perchance they are about us—those we have lost.

Rita. [Nodding slowly.] Our little Eyolf. And your big Eyolf too.

Allmers. [Gazing into space.] Perhaps on our way through life—we may now and then—catch some glimpses of them.

Rita. Where shall we look, Alfred?

Allmers. [Fixing his eyes upon her.] Above.

Rita. [Nods in assent.] Yes, yes, above.

Allmers. Above—toward the mountain-peaks. Toward the stars. And toward the great silence.

Rita. [Stretching out her hand to him.] Thank you.

In this lovely scene, and in the play of which it is the ending, we find once more the Ibsen that to some of us, at least, has seemed wellnigh lost of recent years, the idealist of "Brand" and "Peer Gynt," the ethical leader who has preached so many sermons upon the theme of losing life for the sake of saving it. For this play is but another illustration of the text,

"Evigt ejes kun det tabte,"

which is the real subject of so many of Dr. Ibsen's works.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

JANUARY.

Say it, my Winds,—was never king but me!

Say it, and say the king is on his throne,

His lords about him.—Stand, lords, you, mine own;

Hearts of my heart, let but one beating be:

Now is the topmost hour of royalty.—

Ho, Winds, stick sharper, prick 'em to the bone!

You oak, there, wrench him, fetch a louder groan!—

Bow, bow, old bald-top, bend the creaking knee!—

Rake, strip the hill; smite harder, Winds, by half;

Drive, Cold, clean to men's hearts, set deep your sting

In men.—Lords, come, a hollowful we quaff,

Then for a roaring stove; hey, drink and sing!

The world's last window, rack it with your laugh:

Ha, ha! but it is good to be a king!

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

COMMUNICATIONS.

ENGLISH LITERATURE IN AMERICAN LIBRARIES.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The rapidly increasing interest in the study of English literature in American schools and universities, and the recent suggestion in THE DIAL that the leading specialty of the new Crerar Library should be English literature in the broad sense of the term, lends renewed value to the statistics and statements contained in the "Notes on Special Collections in American Libraries" issued from the Harvard College Library. From this document I summarize briefly the descriptions of the chief collections in English literature as reported from all the great libraries of the country except the Library of Congress at Washington.

The best general collections are probably those at Harvard, in the Boston Public Library, in the Lenox Library at New York including the Duyekinek collection of 15,000 volumes in literary history, and in the Sutro Library at San Francisco. Considerable collections also exist at the University of California; at Johns Hopkins (especially complete in regard to Beowulf); at Lafayette College (Professor March's collection in Old and Middle English, said to be "nearly complete for Anglo-Saxon"); in the Massachusetts Historical Society's Library, Boston, including the Dowse collection of "best editions and rarities in English literature"; at the University of Vermont (the George P. Marsh library); the collection of periodicals and of transactions and publications of learned societies in the Chicago Public Library; at Dartmouth College; the material originally used by Noah Webster in preparing his dictionary, belonging to the Hartford Library Association; and a few others of less importance.

In addition to those specified above, the chief special collections are as follows: The Barton collection in the Boston Public Library, nearly 14,000 volumes, mostly Shakespeariana and rare editions of English Drama and Poetry. The Shakespeare collection of 1000 volumes in the Lenox Library, including all the early editions. Other Shakespeare collections as follows: The Wisconsin State Historical Society, 1200 volumes; the Mercantile Library, Philadelphia, 1200 volumes (Shakespeare and the Drama); the Columbia College Library, 700 volumes; the St. Louis Public Library, 600 volumes; the Peabody Institute, Baltimore, 500 volumes; the Brown University Library, 400 volumes, including many rare pamphlets; and the recently acquired collection at the University of Michigan. Harvard, Columbia, and the Lenox have also considerable collections on Milton. The folk-lore collection of 5800 volumes at Harvard is "supposed to be the largest in existence." Harvard also has valuable Shelley and Carlyle MSS. and books. The Boston Athenæum has a Byron collection of over 200 volumes. Lafayette College has special collections on Priestley, De Foe, Junius, etc. The Lenox Library has a fine collection of incunabula, including a portion of the first English printed book, 1474, and other specimens of Caxton and the early English printers.

Viewing these summaries as a whole, it is evident that there is nowhere in the United States any really satisfactory and fairly complete collection in the great field of English literature. A few special collections offer a promising beginning in one or more narrow parts of the field, but extended study and research over any wide

area is hardly possible in this country. Of course no American library could ever hope to rival the British Museum or the Bodleian in their particular field, but it is a disgraceful lacuna in the endowment of American scholarship that research in almost any direction (except perhaps in Shakespeare study and in one or two modern subjects) demanding any but the simplest and most elementary materials can only be prosecuted abroad. In no field except that of history—and literature is one of the chief documents of history—are great collections of books so necessary as in the study of literature, and the most universal of the arts will never attain to its proper dignity in American civilization until adequate material means for its fostering and promotion are afforded. The Crerar Library could supply no greater need than by a collection of the literature of the English tongue.

F. I. CARPENTER.

The University of Chicago, Dec. 22, 1894.

THE PERILOUS USE OF UNKNOWN TONGUES.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

A great many people firmly believe that a knowledge of Latin is not at all necessary in order to get through this life successfully, but one might suppose that all would agree as to the necessity of such a knowledge to anyone who attempts to use the language. The sorry plight into which some of the Columbian Exposition officials were thrown by the lack of this knowledge has been pointed out by one of your correspondents. Let me call attention to a few similar cases of unsuccessful wrestling with an unknown tongue. In a ponderous work on the "Principles of Economic Philosophy," published several years ago, the principle "omnium vivum ex ovo" is stated, and, as if purposely to clear the printer of blame, we have as its counterpart "omnium ovum ex vivo." Perhaps nothing better should be expected from a work on political economy published in the midst of a campaign, but it is only a few months since no less a magazine than "The Atlantic Monthly" was guilty of "omnia Gallia," in quoting from the first sentence of Cæsar's Commentaries! By the help of Mrs. Partington, with her "omnibi," the process of reduction from the third to the first and second declensions is complete for all genders, though the stems do not happen to coincide. But this is not all; along comes "The Cosmopolitan" with "monstrum informum ingens," which would have been much more terrible to Vergil than was Polyphemus to Æneas. "Ad valorum," on the editorial page of "The Independent" a few years ago, may have been a mere typographical error; but "ex unum quadraginta" (of the number of dishes of soup from one can of some new preparation), which I culled from a polyglot street-car advertisement in Baltimore, is doubtless to be ascribed to the same cause operating in the other instances mentioned: crass ignorance of the language. Horace says:

"Ludere qui nescit campestribus abstinet armis,"

which offers a very important suggestion to those who attempt to use Latin without some little knowledge of its forms.

Since writing the above, I have received the December "Education" (fresh from *Boston*!) with the information (p. 255) that Gudeman's "Dialogus de Oratoribus" contains "a prolegomena."

W. H. JOHNSON.

Denison University, Granville, O., Dec. 24, 1894.

The New Books.

MORE MEMOIRS OF LITERARY LONDON.*

The qualities that won for Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie's "Records of Tennyson and Browning" so cordial a welcome on both sides of the Atlantic are once more pleasantly in evidence in her "Chapters from Some Unwritten Memoirs." Essentially the volume is a retrospect of the author's girlhood, which seems to have been divided pretty evenly between London and Paris, and the opening sentence sounds its keynote:

"My father lived in good company, so that even as children we must have seen a good many poets and remarkable people, though we were not always conscious of our privileges."

Mrs. Ritchie opens the series of pen-portraits which form the staple of her book with a lively sketch of her "first poet," Jasmin (Jaquou Jansemin, in the *langue d'Oc*), the barber-poet of Agen. She met Jasmin at a party given in his honor by Lady Elgin at Paris; and the outer man of the tonsorial bard fell wofully short of her young ideal. She had learned at school some of his beautiful verses, and her fancy had painted a poet to match—something in the Byronic way, with a distinctive touch of "the warm South" superadded. But alas! when the real Jasmin dawned upon her at Lady Elgin's *roué*, it was no belated troubadour that she saw, but a stout jovial figure like an over-ripe Bacchus—a jolly, red, shining face, with round prominent features, framed with little pomatumy wisps of hair (smacking all too plainly of the *shop*), and a Falstaffian torso clad in a gorgeous frilled shirt over a pink lining. She could have cried for vexation. It was her first *illusion perdue*.

"That the poet?—not that," I falter, gazing at Punchinello, high-shouldered, good-humored. "Yes, of course it's that," said a little girl, laughing at my dismay; and the crowd seems to form a circle, in the centre of which stands this droll creature, who now begins to recite in a monotonous voice."

Mrs. Ritchie understood French pretty well at the time; but of Jasmin's *patois* she could make nothing. To her untrained ear the recitation was a meaningless "*chi, cha, chou, atchiou, atchiou, atchiou*,"—a kind of mellifluous Provençal sneeze, to the rhythm of which the ample shirt-frill beat time, as the voice rose and fell. It leaves off at last, and there is a moment of silence, and then a buzz of low-voiced ad-

miration. She sees Punchinello (freely perspiring and more shiny and rubicund than ever) led up the hostess to be congratulated and thanked and patronized, and then handed round to the company severally, like a sort of refreshment; and the entertainment is over.

"As we move towards the door again, we once more pass Mr. Locker (of the 'London Lyrics'), and he nods kindly, and tells me he knows my father. 'Well, and what do you think of Jasmin?' he asks; but I can't answer him, my illusions are dashed. . . . I who had longed to see a poet! who had pictured something so different! I swallowed down as best I could that gulp of salt-water which is so apt to choke us when we first take our plunge into the experience of life."

Yet Mrs. Ritchie had been that evening in a throng of poets, as she learned later; for Lamartine, Chateaubriand, Girardin, Mérimée, and some others, were of the company. And he too of the red face and the shirt-frill was a poet—a poet of the people, writing from his heart in his own dialect; one of the school, as Sainte-Beuve says, of Horace, and of Theocritus, and of Gray, and "of all those charming studious inspirations which aim at perfection in all their work."

It was at Paris, also, that Mrs. Ritchie met her first musician; and here there was no disillusionment. She accompanied, one morning, as she relates, a friend of her grandmother's on a visit to the lodgings of one whose name and identity were not at first made known to her. The friend was a Scotch lady of rank, who to the harshest of exteriors joined the mildest of souls; and her errand on this occasion was plainly one of kindness, for there was a large basket in the carriage containing a store of viands and bottles. Arrived at a small house in a side street near the Arc de Triomphe, the carriage stopped, and the lady got out, carefully carrying her parcel. The door was opened by a slight delicate-looking man with long hair, strangely bright eyes, and a thin hooked nose.

"When Miss X. saw him she hastily put down her basket, caught both his hands in hers, began to shake them gently, and to scold him in an affectionate reproving way for having come to the door. He laughed, said he had guessed who it was, and motioned her to enter, and I followed at her sign with the basket—followed into a narrow little room, with no furniture in it whatever but an upright piano and a few straw chairs standing on the wooden shiny floor. He made us sit down with some courtesy, and in reply to her questions said he was pretty well. Had he slept? He shook his head. Had he eaten? He shrugged his shoulders and pointed to the piano. He had been composing something—I remember that he spoke in an abrupt, light sort of way—would Miss X. like to hear it? 'She would like to hear it,' she answered, 'she would dearly like to hear it; but it would tire him to play; it could not be good for him.'"

* CHAPTERS FROM SOME UNWRITTEN MEMOIRS. By Anne Thackeray Ritchie. New York: Harper & Brothers.

He smiled again, shook back his long hair, and seated himself at the piano; and instantly the room was filled with a rain of continuous sound, a fluent stream of rippling melody that rose and fell, and swelled and died away again, until the strained ear scarcely caught its echo. There was a magician at the keys.

"The lady sat absorbed and listening, and as I looked at her I saw tears in her eyes—great clear tears rolling down her cheeks while the music poured on and on. I can't, alas, recall that music! I would give anything to remember it now; but the truth is I was so interested in the people that I scarcely listened. When he stopped at last and looked round, the lady started up. 'You mustn't play any more,' she said; 'it's too beautiful'—and she praised him in a tender, motherly, pitying sort of way, and then hurriedly said we must go; but as we took leave she added almost in a whisper with a humble apologizing look—'I have brought you some of that jelly, and my sister sent some of the wine you fancied the other day; pray try to take a little.' He again shook his head at her, seeming more vexed than grateful. 'It is very wrong; you shouldn't bring me these things,' he said in French. 'I won't play to you if you do'—but she put him back softly, and hurriedly closed the door upon him and the offending basket, and hastened away."

The player was Chopin. "Never forget," said Mrs. Ritchie's companion, "that you have heard Chopin play; for soon no one will ever hear him play any more."

Mrs. Ritchie's historian, or rather her "professor of history," was not a Thiers, or a Guizot, or even a Lamartine. It was a certain quaint old body who, for the behoof of very young ladies, made a feint at giving historical lectures, keeping herself laboriously a chapter or so ahead of her pupils, and plunging (Mrs. Ritchie remembers) into the bloody chaos of the Merovingian and Carolingian times with a zest comically at odds with her own appearance. This Madame P., whose purse was even leaner than her lectures, is the heroine of a pleasant story of Thackeray, the truth of which is now vouched for by his daughter.

"When my father came to Paris to fetch us away, he was interested in the accounts he heard of the old lady from his mother and cousin. . . . I was sent one day to search for a certain pill-box in my father's room, of which he proceeded to empty the contents into the fireplace, and then, drawing a neat banker's roll from his pocket, to fill up the little cube with new napoleons, packing them in closely up to the brim. After which, the cover being restored, he wrote the following prescription in his beautiful even handwriting: 'Madame P. . . . To be taken occasionally when required. Signed, Dr. W. M. T.'"

Years after, when Paris was besieged by the Germans, and Madame P. was in sorer straits than ever before, "Dr. W. M. T.'s" generous prescription was repeated—this time in the

form of a draft on the Rothschilds. It was learned later, however, that the beleaguered old lady had scorned to apply the money to the purchase of luxuries above the horrible *fricandeaux* and *salmis* of rats and mice to which her neighbors were reduced, subscribing it rather, as she proudly said, "to the cannon which were presented by our *quartier* to the city of Paris."

"My father," observes Mrs. Ritchie, "had a weakness for dandies." Magnificent specimens of the "Dandiacal body" used to cross her vision sometimes, as they passed through the hall to the study; but there was one that outshone the rest as the sun the stars in brightness. This splendid person, she remembers, had a little pencil-sketch in his hand; and it seemed to her impossible that so grand a being could be so feeble a draughtsman.

"He appeared to us one Sunday morning in the sunshine. When I came down to breakfast I found him sitting beside my father at the table, with an untasted cup of coffee before him; he seemed to fill the bow-window with radiance as if he were Apollo; he leaned against his chair with one elbow resting on its back, with shining studs and curls and boots. We could see his horse looking in at us over the blind. It was indeed a sight for little girls to remember all their lives."

It was indeed; for the visitor was Count D'Orsay—the brilliant being who (as Richard Doyle relates) so impressed a literary man of the day that the latter was heard to roar out in dismay at a city banquet where D'Orsay was present, above the din of aldermanic gabbling and gobbling, "Waiter! for Heaven's sake bring melted butter for the flounder of the Count!" He could not bear that the waiter's omission should rest as a blot upon his country's cookery.

No literary memoir of the period would be complete without a glimpse of the Carlyles. Mrs. Ritchie first saw the sage at a dinner at her father's, given for Miss Brontë; and she remembers him then chiefly as railing at the appearance of cockneys upon Scotch mountainsides. There were also too many Americans there for his taste; "but the Americans were as gods compared to the cockneys," he kindly added. Later, the old house in Cheyne Row (the Mecca of Carlyle's "millions of transatlantic bores"), became a familiar spot to her; and here she heard from the lips of Mrs. Carlyle many stories that have since strayed into print. "If," said the poor lady pathetically on one occasion, "if you wish for a quiet life, never you marry a dyspeptic man of genius." "I remember," Mrs. Ritchie adds, "she used to tell us how, when he first grew a beard, all the time he had saved by ceasing to shave he

spent wandering about the house, and bemoaning that much was amiss in the universe." If Mrs. Carlyle was, as tradition says, a shade nearer Xanthippe than Griselda, there was assuredly much in her universe to explain and palliate the fact.

Mrs. Ritchie's notes on the Carlyles close with a characteristic little story that will bear re-telling. It seems that irreverent thieves having broken into the sanctuary at Chelsea and carried off the dining-room clock, it was arranged by some of the then aging philosopher's friends to formally present him with a new one. Lady Stanley was elected spokeswoman on the occasion:

"It was Carlyle's birthday, and a dismal winter's day; the streets were shrouded in greenish vapors, and the houses looked no less dreary within than the streets through which we had come. Somewhat chilled and depressed, we all assembled in Lady Stanley's great drawing-room in Dover Street, where the fog had also penetrated, and presently from the farther end of the room, advancing through the darkness, came Carlyle. There was a moment's pause. No one moved. He stood in the middle of the room without speaking. No doubt the philosophers as well as his disciples felt the influence of the atmosphere. Lady Stanley went to meet him. 'Here is a little birthday present we want you to accept from us all, Mr. Carlyle,' said she, quickly pushing up before him a small table upon which stood the clock ticking all ready for his acceptance. Then came another silence, broken by a knell, sadly sounding in our ears. 'Eh, what have I got to do with Time any more?'—he said. It was a melancholy moment. Nobody could speak. The unfortunate promoter of the scheme felt her heart sink into her shoes."

But we have quoted enough from Mrs. Ritchie's pleasant and, in its light way, matterful little book to show its scope and tenor. Other chapters treat of further Paris and London memories, of tours on the continent, including a visit to Weimar, of "Mrs. Kemble," etc.; and there are pleasant glimpses throughout of Thackeray and his circle.

E. G. J.

MIRABEAU AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

In the prefatory note to the two volumes containing the twelve lectures recently delivered by Professor Von Holst before the Lowell Institute, the distinguished author asks readers and critics to take the pages for what they purport to be: not a book on the French Revolution, but merely some lectures on it, given under prescribed limits. These lectures were pre-

*THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, Tested by Mirabeau's Career: Twelve Lectures on the History of the French Revolution. By H. Von Holst. In two volumes, with portrait. Chicago: Callaghan & Co.

pared for delivery before a great popular audience, such as a forceful speaker of eminent reputation always commands in the lecture-hall of the Lowell Institute. Before such an audience the lecturer had a right to assume that there were only a few who had made a special study of the Revolution, sufficient to enable them to follow the presentation of a single phase of the great movement without much preliminary explanation. The first six lectures, concerning the causes of the Revolution, were therefore given mainly as an introduction, to prepare the audience for what the lecturer had to say about Mirabeau, for whom he has a decided partiality.

The main interest in these volumes opens with the seventh lecture, on the party of one man, the fourth party in the Assembly, Mirabeau. "Yes," says the author, "and [he] not only *was* a party of himself, but he *knew* beforehand that it would be so, and was *determined* that it should be so." In that assembly of twelve hundred deputies there were many of the best as well as most illustrious men in France; or, as La Marek says, all the capacities, talents, energy, and spirit in the kingdom. Mirabeau was then forty years old. He was the best-known man in that period of the Revolution. His abilities were of the highest order. He was the greatest orator in the Assembly. It is claimed that he was its greatest practical statesman. I cannot think that he desired to stand alone in the Assembly, having no party affiliations and wanting none. No one understood better than Mirabeau the difficult public questions that awaited solution. And no one understood better than he that even in public assemblies such questions can be solved best by a union of influential men acting together for a common purpose. The power to bring about such effective combinations is at least one of the best-known tests of practical statesmanship. Nothing seems clearer than that Mirabeau desired to be a leader of a party in the Assembly. He desired especially, while retaining his seat as deputy, to be in the ministry, where he would have the privilege of approaching the king openly, and not, as the privilege was only once accorded to him, of approaching the king secretly and by a private door. It is because he *was* a party by himself, and not because he determined to be so, that his desire was never gratified. Under the law of November 7, 1789, members of the Assembly could not enter the ministry. When that door to his ambition was closed, he passed the remainder of his life in

vain efforts to make combinations with influential men to secure for himself a secret position behind the throne, from which, without any department for himself, his unseen hand should direct all the departments, through a king who had no will and no fixed purpose except to receive from Rome his directions and from the armies of Europe his defence. Rivalry, jealousy, and the inability of Frenchmen to appreciate statesmanship, have been assigned as reasons for his failure. The explanation is not adequate; for it is not true. Frenchmen are not wanting in magnanimity. Mirabeau himself explained the cause of the difficulty, often saying: "Ah! how the immorality of my youth injures the public weal." His conduct during the Revolution completes the explanation. His life, from beginning to end, is a significant illustration of the fact that character, such as Washington's or Hampden's, is more influential even in popular assemblies than oratory and talent. Arthur Young says: "In every company, of every rank, you hear of Count Mirabeau's talents; that he is one of the best pens in France, and the first orator; and that he could not carry, from confidence, six votes in the states." This explanation was satisfactory to Mirabeau's contemporaries. It has been generally accepted by eminent writers on the Revolution, from that day to our time. It is not accepted by Professor Von Holst, who seems to think that the time has not yet come for full justice to Mirabeau.

It is claimed that the immorality of his youth was such as was common in that time; but that, when he entered public life at the time of the Revolution, his ambition was aroused, he became a new man, and the immorality of his youth should not be counted against him. Unfortunately, venality, the vice of his public life, is one that is more destructive to the foundations of public welfare than all the vices of his youth. Mirabeau's failure to win the confidence of his contemporaries will not be understood when his vices in public and in private life shall have been forgotten. The account of Mirabeau's venality is given in the writings of La Marck with coloring as favorable as honest friendship could use. They knew each other prior to the Revolution. They were both in the National Assembly. Meeting in the Assembly, Mirabeau made the first advances, asking La Marck to sound the court, and saying to him: "Let them understand at the chateau that I am more disposed towards them than against them." In that interview, and in sub-

sequent ones, the purpose of La Marck was formed. He says: "I wished to contribute to the preservation of the throne, as to the defence of the unhappy king who occupied it. To bring to the cause of the king Count Mirabeau, who seemed to be the most violent and the most dangerous enemy of the throne, to put him in the rank of its most powerful defenders, seemed to me to be an essential service to render." To effect this service La Marck had many interviews with the queen, and, finally, one with both king and queen. "When the king entered," says La Marck, "without any preamble and with his usual brusqueness, he said, 'The queen has told you that I have decided to employ Count Mirabeau, if you think it is in his intentions and in his power to be useful to me.'" After some suggestions by La Marck, to the effect that all the revolutionary chiefs might be induced to enter into the service of the king, the suggestions in relation to the other chiefs being ignored, the king said that what should be done with Mirabeau must be kept a profound secret from the ministers. It was then agreed that the king should pay the debts of Mirabeau, amounting to 208,000 francs, allow him 6000 francs a month for his expenses, and should deposit with La Marck the king's notes of France amounting to 1,000,000 francs, which should be delivered to Mirabeau at the close of the Assembly, if, in the meantime, the king should be satisfied in relation to Mirabeau's fidelity. In addition to these gifts, it was afterwards agreed to allow three hundred francs a month to the copyist of Mirabeau, "to pay for his silence," as La Marck said. Mirabeau accepted these gifts gratefully, including the conditional promise as to the additional million francs which were to be given on Cæsar's method: something down, and much more to follow. La Marck was repeatedly charged to keep the whole transaction in the profoundest secrecy. Secrecy and silence are the well-known covers to venality everywhere.

Mirabeau's private agreement to enter into the service of the king was consummated about the tenth of May, 1790. Previous to that time, every door to a place in the ministry had been closed against him. "If I were asked," says Professor Von Holst, "what chapter of his whole history redounds, upon the whole, the most to his honor, not only as a statesman but also as a man, I should unhesitatingly answer: that of his relations to the court." I am far from thinking that this is, or ever will be, the judgment of history. It was not even the judgment

of Mirabeau. On the twenty-first of October, 1789, when he might have reasonably considered that a place in the ministry was open to him, he wrote to La Marek: "A great succour I cannot accept without a place which makes it legitimate." A pension for public service previously rendered is a badge of honor; a payment secretly bestowed for political services to be rendered, "without a place which renders it legitimate," was then, and is now, considered a badge of dishonor. It is to the credit of human nature that the prejudice, vices, and venalities of Mirabeau account for his failure to gain the confidence of his contemporaries. But these are not all of Mirabeau. His nobler part will live. His fifty notes to the king contain the most valuable contribution to political science that has come down to us from the Revolution. In that view, and with the proper qualifications, his relations to the court will redound most to his honor as a statesman and as a man.

Professor Von Holst seems to undervalue the great qualities of Lafayette. "Not many persons," he says, "who have cut a prominent figure in great times have lost so much by having the search-light of critical history turned upon them as Lafayette." The conduct and character of Lafayette were well known long before any such search-light was discovered. However it may be elsewhere, it was known, at least in France and in the United States, that in a long life tried by many tests, the conduct of Lafayette was exceptionally consistent, and that it was uniformly governed, not by passion, but by principle. In all emergencies he displayed the same high qualities. He was early trained in the school of experience, under Washington, whose friendship and confidence he always retained. From the time when he first decided to come to America, if the testimony of La Marek may be accepted, his whole after-conduct was impelled by a force of will that one rarely meets.

His first experience led him to prefer constitutional liberty under a republic. In the France of that time, he agreed with almost all of the Revolutionary leaders that it was sufficient to secure constitutional liberty under a king. He and the other leaders failed to arrest the course of the Revolution at a point where nearly all of them wished it to stop. It is easier to break down a dam than to stay the consequent rush of waters. In the last period of Mirabeau's life, a small but determined party of men began to prepare for the second and

more destructive Revolution. It was to that party that Mirabeau, when interrupted, shouted: "Silence aux trente voix!" Lafayette, with dauntless courage, long continued to resist the influence of that party. When it had acquired control of the king, the Assembly, the municipalities, the clubs, and the armies, and resistance was no longer possible, Lafayette honorably withdrew from the army he commanded. "From the fifth of October," says our author, "Lafayette was the most powerful man in the realm, not to do good, but to avert, as well as to bring about, some of the worst evils. Therefore one of the main points in Mirabeau's programme from that day on is to coax or to force him into an offensive and defensive alliance, or to break his power." The alternative is not correctly stated. Mirabeau, for several months, labored incessantly both to secure an alliance with the most powerful man in France, and at the same time to break him down. Lafayette had daily access to the king. Mirabeau had not. Under his secret "employment," he could only send his notes to the king, giving advice which was never followed. In half of these secret notes he assailed Lafayette with unscrupulous malice. He carried on both purposes at the same time—one openly, the other secretly. On the first of June, 1790, Mirabeau wrote to Lafayette: "Your great qualities have need of my impelling force; my impelling force has need of your great qualities." On the same day, he sent his first note to the king, in which, through page after page, he employed his "impelling force" in unscrupulous detraction of Lafayette's "great qualities." He failed to break Lafayette; and he failed, as he had failed with others, and for the same reason, to secure the coveted alliance. Lafayette did not know all that is now known about the conduct of Mirabeau. He knew, however, enough, and therefore justly refused to take the proffered hand, as afterwards the Girondins refused to take the hand of Danton. The one, offered treacherously, was soiled with money; the other, offered magnanimously, was stained with blood.

Professor Von Holst revives the stale charge relating to Lafayette's conduct on the fifth and sixth of October, 1789. He says of Lafayette: "As to the part he played on the fifth of October, he himself has always seen a halo around his head." And again: "Though it cannot be directly proved that Lafayette rather liked to be led to Versailles, circumstantial evidence renders it likely." When Lafayette was hunting down the promoters of that movement,

it was Mirabeau who thought it necessary to explain to Lafayette that he [Mirabeau] had no part in it. When, afterwards, the charge was made against Lafayette, he gave a dignified explanation, refuting the slander. Who has a better claim to be favorably heard in explanation of his conduct, when assailed, than a man like Lafayette, who always stood erect, and who therefore can bear to have the searchlight of history turned upon every part of his illustrious career? Sainte-Beuve says: "All the reproaches against Lafayette in relation to the days of the twenty-second of July and the fifth and sixth of October seem to me to be abandoned or refuted." There never was a moment when Lafayette was not ready to risk his life, and, what was more to him than life, his deserved popularity, in the restraint of unlawful violence; nor when he failed in duty at the cost of principle. He was five years in the prisons of Austria. The doors of the dungeon at Olmutz were always open to him at any moment when he should be ready to make the least denial of the political principles upon which his entire life was governed. In the treaty made after the victory over the Austrians at Campo-Formio, Napoleon inserted a stipulation securing to Lafayette his freedom. In due time Lafayette returned to France. After thanking Napoleon for his liberty, he retired to his estates. He was offered many positions under the government, and refused them all, saying to Napoleon: "The silence of my retreat is the maximum of my deference; if Bonaparte wishes to serve liberty, I am devoted to him; but I cannot approve of an arbitrary government, nor associate myself with it." He maintained the same attitude in subsequent conversations with him. When some courtier said to Napoleon that Lafayette was talking against him, "Let that man alone," said Napoleon; "he has said more to my face than he will ever say behind my back."

It was no false idol that the fathers of our Republic set up in Lafayette; and as long as pure character, consistent conduct, and noble sacrifice shall be admired, his memory, here, at least, will be honored.

D. L. SHOREY.

THE Congress of American Philologists, which has just completed a three days' session at Philadelphia, is the direct outcome of the Chicago Congress of 1893. Besides the four societies represented at Chicago, this second Congress has included the American Oriental Society, the Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis, and the Archaeological Institute of America.

A NEW BOOK ON SHAKESPEARE.*

"Will it *do* to say anything more about Chaucer?" The question was put some time since by the late Professor of Belles Lettres at Harvard. He thought (very fortunately for us) that it would do. Probably many people put the same question concerning Shakespeare, whenever they see a new book of Shakespearean criticism. And yet it is fortunate for us that Mr. Wendell thought it would do to say something more about Shakespeare. A good many books serve as bricks with which people succeed in building up a solid wall between themselves and the object of their study. This book on Shakespeare serves a very different purpose.

Mr. Wendell has tried, to use his own words, "to see Shakspeare, so far as possible at this distance of time, as he saw himself." In this there seems at first nothing very out of the way, nothing which would mark a book out from many other studies of Shakespeare. But, if you think of it, the task is not at all easy. Of course there is now at hand much whereby one may arrange the matter of historical perspective, but in this case that is the least difficulty. The real difficulty is that people have got into the way of regarding Shakespeare as a phenomenon so out of the ordinary course of things that they never really think seriously of seeing him as he saw himself. Most people, and most critics too, feel about Shakespeare as did that noted man who had the plays bound like a family Bible and lettered "The Inspired Book." He had a special table for it in the reception-room, with a marble top, I believe. The notion is fatal to the best criticism. It has usually been the order of the day to feel that if there were anything in the plays that we did not admire or understand, it was our own fat-wittedness that blinded us. Many people will dislike to give up this idea: it had, to say the least, the charm of simplicity—a paramount excellence with most folks when ideas are in question. Mr. Wendell, however, is very modern. He handles "The Merchant of Venice" with no more reverence than if it were *First Chronicles*. "As an artist," he remarks of it, "of course, Shakspeare's task was to distract attention from the absurdity of his plot." Such boldness startles one. But after the first shock is over, it is found to be refreshing. There might be danger of running into mere imperti-

* WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE. By Barrett Wendell. New York Charles Scribner's Sons.

nence. But Mr. Wendell probably found no especial need of guarding himself in this respect; his book is modern, and scholarly too.

To follow out his plan, Mr. Wendell keeps two ideas well in the mind of the reader. First, he never forgets that Shakespeare's plays were always produced for the pleasure of the audience of an Elizabethan theatre. That gives them an element which must be reckoned with, although it is circumstantial in character. Then, quite as important to realize, the man who succeeded in pleasing the Elizabethans was a poet "of first-rate genius," a man who worked out his conceptions according to the different impulses of an emotional life and an artistic temperament. On these lines is the problem worked out; and as a result we have a book which, while it is neither an exposition of the Shakespearian theory on the conduct of life, nor a statement of the Shakespearian practice in blank verse, delineation of character, and development of plot, does give us a conception (which we instinctively recognize as well founded) of the growth of the poet's genius.

Such a book will of course be compared with the somewhat similar study of Mr. Dowden; and it may at once be said that neither book loses by the comparison. Mr. Dowden's book was called "Shakspeare: His Mind and Art," but (if one can for a moment make the separation) it said most about the former subject. Mr. Wendell has more to say of the latter. In other words, while Mr. Dowden exhibits in a profoundly interesting way a development of thought and feeling, Mr. Wendell has succeeded rather better in showing the artistic character of that development.

"That the development which we are trying to follow is rather artistic than personal, however, we cannot too strenuously keep in mind. The details of Shakspeare's private life, quite undiscoverable nowadays, are, after all, no one's business. For the rest, nobody familiar with the literature and the stage of his time can very seriously believe that in writing his plays he generally meant to be philosophical, ethical, didactic. Like any other playwright, he made plays for audiences. He differed from other playwrights chiefly in the fervid depth of his artistic nature."

One need not go the whole length with Mr. Wendell and insist that the artistic side of the poet is the only one with which we have any concern. But it is undoubtedly a matter of absorbing interest. "Our business, after all," says Mr. Wendell, "is not to fathom the depths of Hamlet, but only to assure ourselves of Hamlet's relation to Shakspeare's development as an artist." That makes very clear just what

we may expect; we may desire something besides, but we must acknowledge the immense value of this particular acquisition. Mr. Wendell leaves us in no doubt of his views upon certain possible additions.

"The unanswerable question which that last suggestion raises, however,—as to whether Beatrice and Cleopatra be different portraits of the same living woman who inspired the *Sonnets*,—is impertinent. The Shakspeare with whom we may legitimately deal is not the man, who has left no record of his actual life, but the artist, who has left the fullest record of his emotional experience. To search for the actual man is at once unbecoming and futile."

It will probably occur to many that there is some middle ground between an æsthetic appreciation of Shakespeare's artistic nature and a prying curiosity into Shakespeare's personal affairs. To my mind, Mr. Dowden's book represents such a mean, for it seems to me to give us Shakespearian thought in a way, almost abstract, which is not exactly artistic nor personal.

But the subject of this book is Shakespeare as an artist. And, fortunately, Mr. Wendell has a very accurate power of appreciating the artistic nature. He has much that is very suggestive to say, in one place and another, as to what sort of man an artist is. "In an artist of whatever kind," he remarks, "a period of vigorous creative imagination declares itself after a fashion which people who are not of artistic temperament rarely understand." It is a pity, perhaps, but they do not. Mr. Wendell has a good deal to say which may be of help.

It is unnecessary to try to convey in a few words the net result of such a book. Yet a single quotation will do something to show into what conception Mr. Wendell's method works itself out.

"Quite apart from its lasting literary value, apart, too, from its unique personal quality, the work of Shakspeare has new interest to modern students as a complete individual example of how fine art emerges from an archaic convention, fuses imagination with growing sense of fact, and declines into a more mature convention where the sense of fact represses and finally stifles the force of creative imagination."

There is a great deal more that one would like to say about the book. Its whole atmosphere, its tone, is characteristic and agreeable; its many bits of particular criticism are almost always put with a very nice touch. There may be a few whose ideas will be made no clearer by a comparison with the relations of Fanny Ellsler and the Duc de Reichstadt, or even with the career of Louis Philippe's Duc de Choiseul-Praslin. But these characters are, to

tell the truth, kept far in the background and rarely intrude upon us. There are many charming *obiter dicta*—not the least of which is the remark that Portia is "an exquisite type of that unhappily rare kind of human being who is produced only by the union of high thinking and high living."

Mr. Wendell has produced an excellent and thoroughly modern book on Shakespeare. And when we say it is modern, we mean, not that it is new-fangled, nor that it is questionable, nor that it is flippant. We mean that it enables us to enjoy Shakespeare in a way that was impossible to our grandfathers and grandmothers.

EDWARD E. HALE, JR.

SOCIAL PROGRESS IN ENGLAND.*

The history of England is the history of European civilization, and in a sense the history of humanity. Within the space of a thousand years her people have advanced from a condition of almost absolute barbarism to the front rank in culture and refinement. She has occupied this advanced position for several centuries. But in the thirteenth century England was far behind Spain, France, and the other continental countries, in all those arts of life which go to make up a highly developed society. The bulk of her population still lived in mud huts, cultivated only small strips of land which were held under feudal tenure, knew little and cared less for the outside world, were scattered over a sparsely settled territory, and had little music, no art, and only the modicum of literature which was offered in church chronicles. Today her people are better fed, better clothed, better housed, better educated, better governed, and enjoy more of the comforts of life, than those of any other European country. To understand this progress, the causes underlying it and making it in a sense necessary, and the conditions rendering it possible, is to understand the law of social progress and gain the key to the history of the race.

We are no longer in doubt as to what constitutes real progress. Recent investigations into the nature and laws of animal and plant life have given us a scientific basis for the com-

parison of institutions and societies which is both exact and clear. Whatever be the cause, progress is the process by which the relatively complex grows out of the relatively simple organization; it consists of a series of changes in the structure, functions, and organs of the unit. Progress is the passing from simple, incoherent, indefinite homogeneity, to complex, coherent, definite heterogeneity. At one end of the story stand the organisms having few parts, loosely held together, and but slightly related, while at the other are found bodies having many intimately connected organs which depend entirely on each other for the full performance of their several functions. The characteristics of the process are a specialization of function, an integration and differentiation of parts, and a consequent complexity of structure. It is the peculiar merit of the work that has been undertaken by Mr. Traill and his collaborators that the ideal set before them is the scientific explanation of England's progress, and the critical examination of the relation between cause and effect in the several departments of social life. They have undertaken to write English history on Darwinian lines; forgetting dynastic struggle, court intrigue, diplomacy, and war, they have given the narrative of the material, moral, and intellectual progress of the people, and of the career of the English people as a society, "not as a Polity, nor as a State among States." It deals with the manners and customs of the succeeding periods, with ways of thinking and feeling, with the art of getting a living.

The work is almost encyclopædic in character, but is in no way a compilation. It is more nearly a series of short excellent treatises by eminent specialists on the various phases of social life: on trade and agriculture, art and architecture, on language and literature, public health, morals, manners, the development of jurisprudence, the church, the army, the navy, science, education, religion, and the action and reaction between these different elements of our civilization.

It is a stupendous task, and one which increases in difficulty as the story advances, and the accumulating facts grow too various in character to be massed together without risk of confusion.

"New activities arise which refuse to class themselves under the old headings. Divisions of the subject throw off subdivisions, which themselves require later on to be further subdivided. In every department of our national life there is the same story of evolutionary growth—continuous in some of them, intermittent in

*SOCIAL ENGLAND. A Record of the Progress of the People in Religion, Laws, Arts, Industry, Commerce, Science, Literature, and Manners, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By Various Writers. Edited by H. D. Traill, D.C.L., sometime Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford. Volume I., From the Earliest Times to the Accession of Edward I. Volume II., From the Accession of Edward I. to the Death of Henry VII. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

others, but unmistakable in all. Industries multiply and ramify; Commerce begets child after child; Art, however slowly in this country [England] as compared with others, diversifies its forms; Learning breaks from its mediæval tutelage and enters upon its world-wide patrimony; Literature, after achieving a poetic utterance the most noble to which man has ever attained, perfects a prose more powerful than that of any living competitor, and more flexible than all save one; and finally, Science, latest of birth, but most marvellous of growth, rises suddenly to towering stature, stretches forth its hundred hands of power, extending immeasurably the reach of human energies, and, through the reaction of a transformed external life upon man's inner nature, profoundly and irreversibly, if still to some extent obscurely, modifies the earthly destinies of the race." (P. xvi.)

What may be called the distribution of emphasis thus becomes the greatest difficulty for the editor to overcome. It is therefore natural that just here the work should fall far short of the ideal. The various essays must inevitably differ widely in originality and in style, which is perhaps a happy incident of composite authorship. Some writers have assumed too much, while others have taken too little for granted, or have filled their pages with tedious quotations and long extracts from illustrative documents instead of giving scientific conclusions based on a thorough study of the sources of historic information. Not infrequently a writer is guilty of speaking with that tone of authority which conveys the idea of absolute finality of judgment, while others leave their subject confessedly incomplete. All of these, however, are very minor defects when compared with the general result.

Treating each department of social life in severalty, it is true, has inevitably entailed a certain amount of repetition; but this need not have been allowed to be utterly superfluous, as is the reference to the "great discontent among the laboring classes," on page 270 of Volume II., following as it does an excellent account of this rebellion under Wat Tyler which is given by Mr. Corbett a few pages earlier. Still less was it necessary that the statement of fact by different writers in the same volume be contradictory, as are the references to the Black Death on pages 18 and 133 of the second volume. This is peculiarly unfortunate in view of the very contradictory opinions still held regarding even the general character of this fourteenth century and the importance of the Black Death as evidence of the preceding and as cause of the succeeding condition of agriculture and of laborers. Was it in truth the golden age of the English laborer (Rogers), or a period of unmitigated disaster, in which there were few

years unmarked by famine and pestilence (Denton)? The writer on Public Health, Mr. Creighton, speaks with great vigor and acumen concerning the condition early in the century; but unfortunately he is allowed, or has chosen to use, barely a page.

It seems almost ungracious, however, thus to indicate possible faults and shortcomings, and apparently disparage a work of such marked excellence — one which as a whole is so admirably well done, being conceived on the highest plan and executed with consummate skill. When completed, the work will include the results of the most advanced learning in English scientific circles regarding England's history. It will unquestionably be the best as well as the latest history, telling the whole story in the way best calculated to enforce the truth as to the causes of social progress and the real condition of advancing civilization. The development of legal institutions and of jurisprudence is traced by the hand of a master; the progressive expansion of industry and of commerce, the history of agriculture and its influence on the habits of the people, the action and reaction between the wants of the people and their economic movement, is sketched by economists who still utter the supply-and-demand shibboleth, but who nevertheless recognize the importance of "a living wage" and of the standard of living and social habits of the mass of the population as affording the market which must in the long run determine the character of a country's production; the gradual spread of education from the few monks who alone knew how to write in Norman England, to the farthest corner of England and to the lowest level of English society, the advance in the arts and sciences, and the increase in enlightenment through university, grammar school, and various associations for the advancement of science, the growth of language and literature, — each phase of the intellectual development is treated separately and with a view to show its connection with and influence on "the progress of the people." Each chapter closes with an essay on manners and customs, which is apparently written by the editor, and seeks to give unity, continuity, and logical completeness to the whole, and to show how industrial, intellectual, and religious forces register their influence in the social life of the people, — in the dress, the amusements, the house and its decoration, methods of eating and drinking, the literature and song, the every-day ways of living.

The story begins with England before the

English — when the earliest settler, the dark Ibernian, had been overcome by the tall and fair-hued Celt, and this Aryan tribesman,

"With his pride of race and his more advanced conception of property as a subject not of common but of family ownership, had declined to the condition of a despised villager, so far as social and political importance were concerned; the tribal chief had grown into the tribal king; the free land of the tribe, alike with the common land of the villagers, had become tributary to him; and the two communities, family and communistic, were alike his subjects. It was through the strife of tribal kings, with its consequence of the flight, the exile, and the appeal for Roman assistance of those who had been worsted in the struggle, that the way was opened for the conquest of Britain to the conquerors of Gaul. . . . Dim with the dust of centuries, yet still distinctly visible in dialect and tradition, in boundary lines of shire and diocese, and in the strange survivals of prehistoric feud, the tribal divisions of Celtic England can still be traced, while the rule of the Roman has been forgotten, even where his villa and his storied gravestone remain." (I., xxii.-xxiii.)

In the second volume the progress of events is traced down through the Middle Ages and into the beginnings of modern England,—when the Church had passed its climax of prosperity and independence.

"Henceforth it prepares its own downfall by an even closer connection with the royal power. That royal power itself was beginning to show the influence of those theories and those events which were soon to cover all Europe with absolutist sovereignties. The new commercial classes, in whose support this absolutism was to find its practical basis, begin to manifest themselves. Most rapid change of all, the feudal baronage had been, even in the preceding century, transforming itself into a modern nobility, intriguing for places and pensions, instead of taking up arms for local independence." (II., 277-278.)

The all-important lesson taught by these volumes is that development has been continuous and that there have been no violent breaks in the narrative, each succeeding social stage growing naturally out of the preceding conditions through the action of forces of which it is possible to measure the power for good and evil. Even the Norman Conquest is no cataclysm. The break is more apparent than real. It is true "the central administration and the local government, temporal and spiritual, had been taken over by a new set of men—better managers, keener, more unscrupulous, less drunken and quarrelsome, better trained, hardier, thrifter, more in sympathy with the general European movements, more adventurous, more temperate." But it is equally true that the "Norman conqueror built upon the main lines of that civil organization which he found in existence at his coming, and widely as the 'elevation' of the completed structure may have departed

from the prospective ideal of the Saxon architect, the ground plan remains his."

Equally in evidence is the fact that it is impossible to give definite boundary to the Middle Ages. Commercial growth brings constitutional changes, and constitutional changes in turn favor commercial growth; but in neither is there a sharp line between mediævalism and modern life. The reign of Henry VII. is a period of transition; it is marked by new ideas and new influences.

"But they are only as yet in germ. The printing-press is at work; but its first result is destructive, almost paralyzing to literature. America is found, both South and North; but the effect on English industry and commerce is hardly marked until Elizabeth's reign. The new learning had made its way to Oxford with Colet and Erasmus; but no breath of hostility can yet be detected against Church dogmas."

There is no sudden change, nor is the course of development a chapter of happy accidents. Each advance on social organization has its distinct cause or set of causes, and telling the story of human progress is as definitely a science as is recounting changes in the physical structure of the earth, the movements of the heavenly bodies, or the way chemical forces combine to produce very unlike substances out of the same elements. It is a science, moreover, whose laws cannot be broken with impunity. Humanity is slow in learning the lesson, but even a hasty reading of these pages should convince pessimistic reformers that no scheme of social progress is worth a moment's consideration which implies a sudden and radical regeneration of human nature, or which involves artificial appliances outside the steady development of the wants and desires of mankind. Change is the law of life; but it is change that is slow and gradual, and which comes practically through the almost unconscious action of forces lying deeply buried in human nature.

ARTHUR B. WOODFORD.

EDWIN BOOTH'S LETTERS.*

When, a little time ago, Mr. William Winter's biography of Edwin Booth came into hand and was read with a grateful sense of its adequacy by the admirers and friends of the great actor, it was supposed no superior memorial of that troubled genius would likely be added to our literature. A tender intimacy of many years' duration between the two distinctly gifted

* EDWIN BOOTH: Recollections by his daughter, Edwina Booth Grossman, and letters to her and his friends. New York: The Century Co.

men had qualified the critic to be the best proctor of the actor; and the appreciative estimate of the professional achievements of the player was sweetened and enriched by a sympathetic knowledge of the man expressed in a tribute honorable alike to the memory of the dead and to the reputation of the living friend.

But filial affection guiding the intelligence of an accomplished woman has done even more for the public's gratitude in withdrawing, gently, tenderly, and with touching simplicity, the veil of privacy that guarded the domestic and personal life of Edwin Booth, for the first time permitting his countrymen to view this chief glory of the American stage in the light of a character so fine and a nature so earnest, unselfish, and devout, that admiration of the genius must hereafter be associated with loving regard of the man, so famous and yet so little known for what he was in heart and soul.

Mrs. Grossman's unaffectedly, almost artlessly, written recollections of her father compose one of the most exquisitely beautiful and graciously impressive pictures of character to be found in literature; and though there is but a detail here and there, though the few pages are mainly generalizations covering memories from the infancy to the mature womanhood of the writer, these, with the letters penned with no expectation that they would ever find their way to the printing press, must be accepted as a better and truer portraiture of the man than may be found in the most voluminous biographical narrative. One yields so completely to the charm of Mrs. Grossman's candor of love and pride as to enter feelingly into the spirit and sentiment of her own mind, moved by her emotions, animated by her spirit of affection, until, reading here and there among the letters, one feels how precious a thing it was to be near to the heart and close in the life of such a man. It is a new understanding of Booth, an understanding that gives new dignity and worth, and brings the reader nearer in sentiment to the actor whose work we have viewed in silent awe or approved in tumultuous applause, little thinking how much of mildness, diffidence, sweetness and sadness of spirit lay below the noble forces expended in the creation of characters that ranged from the boisterous mirth of Petruchio to the sublime madness of Lear, and had in them all the passions of nature. We have known him in the craft, cunning, and knavery of Iago; in the woful melancholy and sombre philosophy of Hamlet; in the frank, open but subtly abused honesty and generosity of Othello;

in the ambition-corrupted nobility of Macbeth; in the piteous bitterness of the laughing, railing, mordant Bertruchio; in the masterly counterpart of the age-broken and ingratitude-maddened Lear; in the jocundity of gay and sportive roles; we perhaps have known him in the easy moments when permitted friends have shared the pleasures of free and bantering, jest-enlivened conversation, with no more serious care than to keep cigars alight; but here from his daughter's pen is a picture of him as few, indeed, have known him:

"His nature was childlike, trustful, dependent, yet he was always my wise and loving counselor. How often would he quote the following adage to me:—

'If your lips you'd keep from slips,
Of these five things beware:
Of whom you speak,
To whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.'

He was essentially paternal and purely domestic; and these qualities were never tarnished by public favor or worldly praise. In the home he was at his best among his favorite pipes and books, and surrounded by his Lares and Penates. He loved personally to arrange the furnishings of his home, and carefully studied its merest details. He had a woman's taste, and his artistic touch was everywhere evident. His delight in adorning the home never led him into extravagant display, for his tastes were always simple, and he had no love for ostentation. . . . With boyish enthusiasm he enjoyed every detail of farm life, and loved nothing better than to watch the growth of the trees he himself had planted. His love of animals amounted, at one time, almost to a passion. . . . His loyalty to his friends, his reverence and consideration for the old, no matter in what station of life, and his manifold charities to the poor and needy, were not the least among his many virtues. His modesty in bestowing favors extended itself even to the members of his family, and his beautiful gifts to me were offered with a tender, shy reserve. . . . His unselfish devotion to his mother and invalid sister were [sic] conspicuous among his domestic traits. He was a loyal and devoted husband, and on many occasions, after the play, I have seen him tenderly nurse his invalid wife (to whom he was married in 1869), thus losing his much-needed rest. When scandalous tongues attacked the privacy of his home, he refused to contradict the false reports circulated, and invariably replied to my earnest protestations, 'My daughter, all will yet be well.' His dignity toward his detractors won for him a host of defenders. My intimate knowledge of his heroic sacrifices, his early struggles and privations, his crushing sorrow and bitter disappointments, had made my father a hero in my eyes, and I admire his noble manhood even more ardently than I cherish his genius. . . . His veneration for all religious subjects, his belief in the immortal life, his practical uses of the teachings of Jesus, and his conviction that God's will is best, never forsook him even in the midst of his severest trials; and though often the victim of the basest deception from so-called friends, who, in not a few instances cruelly imposed upon his trustful, generous nature, he remained almost childlike in his belief in the integrity of others. . . . I cannot speak without tears of the declining weeks of his beautiful life—of his gentle patience during his last ill-

ness (of seven weeks' duration), and of the childlike beauty of his countenance when all furrows of care and sorrow were smoothed away, and 'nothing could touch him further.' His last coherent words were addressed to our little children, whom we had taken to his bedside two days before he died. My boy called gently, 'How are you, dear grandpa?' and the answer came loud and clear, in the familiar boyish way, 'How are you yourself, old fellow?'"

Exquisitely beautiful as is this picture of manly nobility and spiritual sweetness of character, it is not merely the partial and affection-colored view of an only and tenderly, fondly cherished daughter. There is in the goodly number of letters,—written to mirthful impulse, or with serious emotion, or in strangely melancholy but never wholly despondent vein, through a period of thirty years,—scarcely one that does not in its measure confirm, in its sentiment, in its candor, in its ingenuous sincere tone, the truth of this ideal. But the picture would be incomplete without some associated touches from the life of the woman, love of whom gave lofty purpose to the soul of Booth, grief for whose untimely sudden death very nearly betrayed to irredeemable desolation the genius that is so lustrous a part of America's pride of intellectual, artistic achievement. Mary Devlin was the object of Booth's first impassioned, romantic, exalted love, a love that was only "this side idolatry." That she merited the adoration he gave to her is not to be questioned. Though she was no more than a girl when they were married, the dignity of her character, the generous quality of her nature, and the high direction of her exceptionally clear, pure, and lofty mind, fitted her perfectly to be the companion, comforter, guide, and sustaining inspiration of a man whom the very nature of his genius made dependent upon some finer stimulus than his own too easily discouraged ambition. What her influence upon him was, what herself must have been to him in the three swiftly speeding years of their blissful but earnest union, this excerpt from one of her letters to him will sufficiently declare. It was written just before they were married, and is at once a hope for herself and a promise to him, both of which were happily fulfilled of time:

"This morning in my walk, I was thinking of the being God had given me to influence and cherish, for you have ever seemed to me like what Shelley says of himself—'a phantom among men'—'companionless as the last fading storm,' and yet my spirit ever seems lighter and more joyous when with you. This I can account for only by believing that a mission has been given me to fulfil, and that I shall be rewarded by seeing you rise to be great and happy.

"Ah! the angels surely will rejoice in heaven when

that is achieved. Edwin, I have never told you yet, have I, of all the odd thoughts I have had, and do have, about you? Well, on some of the days to come, when I am influenced by your loved presence, and after the singing of some pretty song, perhaps I will tell you."

Among all the letters written by Edwin Booth, none sets the man before us so clearly, so humanly, so compassionately, and yet so admirably and lovably, as that of March 3, 1863, addressed to his friend, Captain Adam Badeau, beginning thus:

"By the time this reaches you, you will perhaps have heard of the terrible blow I have received—a blow which renders life aimless, hopeless, darker than it was before I caught the glimpse of heaven in true devotion to her, the sweetest being that made man's home a something to be loved. My heart is crushed, dried up and desolate. I have no ambition now, no one to please, no one to cheer me. . . . You can feel my agony I know, and if while I was happy I failed to keep you advised of my whereabouts and doings, you see I think of you in my misery, and seek to pour out my flood of grief where I know it will not be despised. I should not complain even in my gulf of woe, for surely God is just, is good, is wiser than we, and nothing has ever so impressed me with the truth of this as Mollie's death. . . . They tell me that time and use will soften the blow, and I shall grow to forget her. God forbid! My grief, keen as it is and crushing, is still sweet to me; for it is a part of her. . . . What can I do or look upon that will not remind me of her? All things I loved or admired she took delight in; my acting was studied to please her, and after I left the theatre, and we were alone, her advice was all I asked, all I valued. If she was pleased I was satisfied; if not, I felt a spur to prick me on to attain the point. . . . Doesn't it seem hard that one so young, so full of life, devotion, and promise should go so suddenly? Would to God I were there with her. But I suppose that's wrong; I suppose I will be there shortly. . . . Madness would be a relief to me, and I have often thought that I stood very near to the brink of it. . . . God bless you, Ad! Be brave and struggle, but set not your heart on anything in this world. If good comes to you take it and enjoy it; but be ready always to relinquish it without a groan."

It is only during the period of his immoderate grief, the influence of which was never wholly cast off, that the letters are in gloomy, sombre vein. Knowing how much melancholy was by nature in the mood of Edwin Booth, one is surprised, indeed, by the frequency with which humor, drollery, and a boyishness of capering fancy, got into his letters. He had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and comical conceits crop up continuously, while the jaunty air with which he disposes of all sorts of friendly and even business interests informs one how charming, how delightful a companion he must have been in some snugly comfortable corner, with close, familiar friends about him, his cheerful pipe sending coils of gray and azure smoke to wreath themselves lazily into quaint and delicate fancies above his head. Averse to society,

he loved his friends, and from the first of these letters — written to his prattling baby girl in the style so well known of fond parents addressing their tempered wisdom to infant minds — to the last, written to the Shakespearian scholar, Mr. Horace Furness, whether the mood be grave or gay, the kindly, generous, loyal heart shines through,—a temper wonderfully level with the spirit of charity that casts out malice. The letters indicate a man of taste, refinement, and artistic culture; a mind above the gross demands of material success; a soul that a trying, temptation-beset profession could not divert from its religious singleness; a devotion to art; sincerity of purpose; and above all a spirit

"that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks."

These recollections and letters give us a welcome addition to our knowledge of Edwin Booth, and one of inestimable value to theatrical literature, besides being in themselves inexpressibly charming for an evening's reading and for the after solace of many a tedious hour when the times seem out of joint. They teach a great lesson of charity and forbearance; and there are those whose mission it is to teach God's word, may learn something of benevolence, loving kindness, and broad humanity, from the letters of our dead player.

ELWYN A. BARRON.

RECENT POLITICAL DISCUSSIONS.*

Professor Hoffmann's book on "The Sphere of the State" is brief and to the point. He sets out with the distinction between the State and its government, and then, on that as a basis, proceeds to construct a body of political science. The constant application of the principles laid down by him to

* *THE SPHERE OF THE STATE; or, The People as a Body Politic.* By Frank Sargent Hoffman, A.M., Professor of Philosophy, Union College. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE RISE OF MODERN DEMOCRACY IN OLD AND NEW ENGLAND. By Charles Borgeaud, Member of the Faculty of Law, Geneva. Translated by Mrs. Birkbeck Hill. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

SOURCES OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES. By C. Ellis Stevens, LL.D. New York: Macmillan & Co.

SELECT STATUTES, and other Constitutional Documents, Illustrative of the Reigns of Elizabeth and James I. Edited by G. W. Prothero, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. New York: Macmillan & Co.

COMMON SENSE APPLIED TO WOMAN SUFFRAGE. By Mary Putnam-Jacobi, M.D. ("Questions of the Day" series.) New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

PRIMARY ELECTIONS. By Daniel S. Remsen, of the New York Bar ("Questions of the Day" series.) New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

CANADIAN INDEPENDENCE, Annexation, and British Imperial Federation. By James Douglas. ("Questions of the Day" series.) New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

present-day problems is a noticeable feature of the work. Education, property, corporations, transportation, taxation, money, criminals, pauperism, cities, the family, the church, international relations,—these are the themes of successive chapters. The fundamental thesis of Professor Hoffman's political science is the absolute and indivisible sovereignty of the State. This is essentially the view taken by Burgess and others. It is undoubtedly correct, if by sovereignty one means sovereignty within the sphere of human law. But the last word has not yet been said on this vital topic. The broad and vigorous view which the author takes of current questions is interesting. He holds that the earth belongs to civilization, and that the organized State may very properly do for the welfare of its members many things besides police duty. This is very far from the once dominant doctrine of *laissez faire*—a doctrine which meant in substance simply "every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost." The modern State is not organized socialism, but it is in fact highly socialistic. Perhaps it might better be called "the coöperative State," in contradistinction from the other form. And it is this kind of State which operates the common means of communication, which may operate means of transportation, which provides education, cares for the poor and the insane, and in many other ways works for the general welfare. It is this kind of State, too, which may logically join with others in the interest of humanity to compel a semi-barbarous State to decent government. Common humanity should, for example, lead the civilized world to put an end, once for all, to the hideous farce known as the government of Turkey. A government which cannot or will not prevent such horrors as the Bulgarian outrages in 1876 and the Armenian horrors of 1894 is clearly unfit to exist. In short, the coöperative State and coöperative States are the means which men are using to make life better worth living. They are not open to the reproach of paternalism. That was a phase of the personal autocracies which have now all but disappeared from the world. Coöperative democracies have taken their place. And it is this modern form of State which Mr. Hoffman presents so cleverly.

Mr. Charles Borgeaud, in his little study of "The Rise of Modern Democracy," tries to trace the origin of that democratic movement which now dominates political society. He finds its germ in the Protestant Reformation,—its early buds in the English Puritan uprising of the seventeenth century. Mr. Borgeaud shows very clearly that the Reformation in both its phases was essentially democratic. This was not clearly seen by many of the leaders. Luther and Calvin were not democrats, either in religion or politics. The English ecclesiastical revolution under Henry and Edward and Elizabeth was very conservative, and was not intended by its promoters to pass beyond an effective control. It was only under John Knox in Scotland, and under the extreme Puritans who fought the

Stuart kings, that a real democracy was apparent. In truth, the popes and the kings who assailed Protestantism on the continent, as aimed at the very thrones of pontiff and monarch, were more far-seeing than the reformers themselves. And when James I. flouted the Puritan petitioners at Hampton Court, he realized acutely, as did few others, the extreme danger to his royal prerogative coming from these simple-minded and pious people. The logical meaning of the right of private judgment, on which were founded the religious revolutions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, was certainly the sovereignty of the people over the State as well as over the Church. The American Constitution and the French Revolution are in a very true sense direct sequents of Luther's ninety-five theses at Wittenberg. Part of this, Mr. Borgeaud makes quite plain. He points out how democratic were the parliamentary army of Cromwell, and the Puritan settlers in Massachusetts and Connecticut and Rhode Island. And the settlement of those colonies was a part of the same movement as that which cost Charles I. his head. An apt illustration of these premature efforts at democratic reform in the State is the "Agreement of the People," which was proposed by a large body of the army, in 1647, as a settlement of the difficulties. The king was a captive, but was still king, the house of lords was yet a part of parliament, and it seemed far from certain that the fruits of the wars would not be lost. The "Agreement" was in fact a sketch of a republican constitution for England. It contained such features as the adoption of a written constitution which should include a bill of rights and definite limitations on the powers of parliament, abolition of king and lords, equal electoral districts, universal suffrage, and biennial parliaments. All this was in advance of the age. It took England forty years to reach the bill of rights, a half century to adopt triennial parliaments (soon changed at that), two centuries to compass electoral reforms, and king and lords are yet part of parliament. But the great features of the "Agreement" were in fact put into operation in the democratic American colonies, and finally embodied in the Constitution of the United States. So it is quite correct to say that the meeting of Cromwell's regiments in 1647, which voted the "Agreement," was really a preliminary caucus of which the Convention over which Washington presided in 1787 did the finished work. And England is slowly coming to the methods of American democracy. Mr. Borgeaud is substantially right. Political democracy is a direct result of the overthrow of ecclesiastical aristocracy.

Dr. Ellis Stevens's work on the "Success of the Constitution of the United States" is devoted to the thesis of the English origin of the American Constitution. His task is not difficult to accomplish. The convention at Philadelphia did not evolve a frame of government from their own inner consciousness. They were a group of lawyers, judges, and statesmen, who knew quite clearly the defects

of the Confederation, and used the material at hand in mending them. This material was the experience of the several States, both as English colonies and as members of the Union, and the English system of government and law. With all these things the convention were quite familiar. They knew that the quarrel of the colonists with King George had been over what they deemed the essential rights of Englishmen. They were hardly likely to abandon these rights, or the accustomed means of guarding them, in the final structure of national government which was the outcome of the Revolution. And so it is not difficult to trace to an English origin, either directly or through the colonies, almost every clause of the Constitution. Incidentally, Mr. Stevens devotes considerable space to exhibiting the weakness of the claims of Mr. Douglas Campbell in behalf of Dutch influence. Here again the author's task is not difficult. Mr. Campbell's book is rather interesting than conclusive. That there was some result on American institutions by contact with the Dutch is quite possible. But just how much, and just what that result was, it would not be easy to estimate. The most striking part of Mr. Stevens's book is that devoted to the Executive. Mr. Stevens brings out very clearly the really great power of the American President, and its quite direct derivation from the old form of English kingship, as well as from the temporary revival of that form by George III. An extended footnote details an interview of the author with the late ex-President Hayes, which gives an interesting view of American cabinet methods and of the very great extent of executive powers, even as bearing on the initiation and progress of legislation. The banking and currency measure now pending is a significant illustration. There is no doubt that Mr. Cleveland is in many ways a greater potentate than Queen Victoria. We are a composite nation, to be sure. But our political organization and legal methods, like our national language, are undoubtedly English. The types have been rather unkind to Mr. Stevens in a few instances. "Cobbit" for "Cobbett" on p. 144, "1737" for "1787" on p. 146, and "Petition of Rights" for "Petition of Right" on p. 207, are cases in point. Otherwise the volume is a good example of bookmaking.

Among the modern devices for putting the materials of history within reach of scholars in general, that of making reprints of important documents is most valuable. Stubbs's "Select Charters" is priceless to students of Old and Middle English institutions. Mr. S. R. Gardiner's Selection of Documents of the Puritan Revolution is also exceedingly useful. And now Mr. G. W. Prothero has filled the gap between them by a series of reprints from the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. The Act of Supremacy, for instance, is printed in full. Other documents are abbreviated more or less. Besides statutes, there are well-chosen extracts from the proceedings of parliament, including the famous speech of Peter Wentworth, for which that worthy was

committed to the Tower; there are executive documents illustrative of constitutional tendencies of the times, taken from Strype, Camden, *et al.*; there are not a few famous law cases reprinted — Bates's, and the impeachment of Lord Bacon; and there is a mass of ecclesiastical documents. The selections are made with discretion, and are carefully indexed. The book well illustrates the modern method of historical study. At one time, not so long ago, history was merely a branch of literature. It was read largely as a portion of "polite letters," the main thing being literary style. To-day history is a branch of science. Literary finish is a desirable quality, but no more so than in a work on glaciers. The main thing is sound thought. And now no student is content to "read" history. He investigates. He wants the material from which a correct view of facts and their relations can be had. And he wants to work out this view for himself. In short, the modern student of history is quite like the intelligent reader of newspapers, who cares little for editorials, but wants all the news accurately reprinted. He can make his own comments. Mr. Prothero's book gives a photographic reproduction of history in the making of a most important epoch in the development of the English people. With Stubbs, Prothero, and Gardiner, one can study the England of Elizabeth and her pedantic Scotch cousin with some satisfaction.

"Common Sense Applied to Woman Suffrage" is the title of a breezy little volume by Dr. Mary Putnam-Jacobi. The author is learned and lucid and trenchant. But beyond all, she is unconsciously and deliciously convincing of the essential likeness of men and women. Men are quite apt to write one-sidedly. We call this partisanship. If we think with the writer, we like it. If we think otherwise, we rail at it. If we try to be even-minded, we wonder why a book should not be a scholar's investigation rather than an advocate's plea. But then we know better. Books are written for all manner of reasons,—sometimes for no discoverable reason at all. And this book is quite as partisan as a political editorial written by a mere man. That Woman Suffrage is coming there can be little doubt. Indeed, it is already here in some form. But whether we are ready to go on opening the ballot unreservedly to indiscriminate classes, is not so sure. Because an illiterate and fat-witted man may vote, is hardly a sound reason for granting that privilege to the same grade of woman. After the war we armed the freedmen with the ballot, for their self-defence. The outcome is hardly an irrefragable argument for unlimited suffrage. But if the ignorant sea-island negro may vote, why should the alert modern college woman be unenfranchised? Why, indeed? Still, why should we enfranchise the ignorant sea-island negro woman? This is the case in a nutshell. And would not the champions of a sexless vote be more helpful towards the political regeneration of which they dream, if at the same time they worked towards an intelligent and a responsible vote?

Mr. D. S. Remsen, of the New York bar, devotes his little book on "Primary Elections" to a discussion of party organization and its improvement. His idea is to guard primary elections by an elaborate system of provisions, substantially equivalent to an Australian ballot law with minority representation. The main objection to his scheme is its complexity. Our whole body of democratic institutions is tending to become a mechanism so vast and complicated that it may in the end require a technical education to take any share in it. It is said that the President of the late New York State Constitutional Convention was unable to mark his vote properly at the recent election. We are trying to remedy the evils of universal suffrage by ingenious self-acting devices. Perhaps we may learn in time some simple method which will do quite as well. Meanwhile, let us be rather slow in adding more cogs and wheels.

Mr. James Douglas discusses "Canadian Independence, Imperial Federation, and Annexation," from a Canadian point of view. He argues that neither Canada nor the United States would have much to gain from a political union, while each would have not a little to lose. Mr. Douglas is probably right. The idea of uniting in one great republic all America north of Mexico is one that tickles the fancy. But there are elements in the problem which cannot be disregarded, and which at least admonish to make haste slowly. Certainly the status of the French in Canada is unlike anything with which we have to deal, and one which would be peculiarly annoying in our system. It is bad enough for us to be asked to make a state out of the Spanish peons in New Mexico. But the State of Quebec would hold such views of the relations of Church and State as would hardly accord with American ideas. We don't need Canada just now.

HARRY PRATT JUDSON.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*Memorials of
St. James's
Palace.*

The distinctive merits of first-rate English book-making are well exemplified in two soberly elegant octavo volumes from the press of Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co., entitled "Memorials of St. James's Palace." The author, the Rev. Edgar Sheppard, Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, has spent several laborious years in the compilation of his work, pursuing his researches among the records of more or less remote royalty with a pious enthusiasm and a reverential sense of the semi-sacredness of his theme not very intelligible to the American mind, perhaps, but nevertheless interesting and instructive in its present results. Strange to say, in this age of never ending, ever multiplying books, the story of the whilom home of England's kings and queens, and the constituted centre of her court pageant and ceremonial, has never before been told in continuous

detail. Yet from time immemorial the Palace of St. James's has been the cynosure of loyal British eyes, and its name has long been a potent one to conjure with in continental diplomatic circles. Scarcely a chamber, hall, or corridor in the venerable pile but has its curious and interesting personal or historical association. It contains, for instance, the room, of sombre memory to all leal Jacobitical souls, where Charles I. slept away his last allotted hours beside the faithful Herbert, and whence he passed, on that fatal frosty morning, ominous in the annals of monarchy, to the scaffold at Whitehall. But St. James's record (unlike that of grim Holyrood) is joyous rather than tragic—mainly the chronicle of royal births, baptisms, and marriages, of shining court fêtes and formalities, the whole pleasantly seasoned with a thousand and one odds and ends of piquant Walpolian chat and personalia. Into these and more important matters our author has gone exhaustively and enthusiastically, leaving no documentary stone unturned, and tracing the story of the Palace and its associations and regulations from the founding (before A.D. 1100) of its predecessor, a lepers' hospital ("spittle for mayden lepers," old Howel calls it) dedicated to St. James the Less, down to modern times. Pictorially, the work is a notable one. There are eight full-page copper plates, mostly portraits, besides a great number of full-page and text illustrations. Many of these are from rare originals in the Royal collections, and all are well chosen and germane to the text.

More of the
writings of
Jefferson.

The fourth volume of Mr. Paul Leicester Ford's collection of the Writings of Thomas Jefferson (Putnam) covers the period from 1784 to 1787. Mr. Jefferson as the representative in Paris of the new Republic is an interesting figure. He was in a society thoroughly congenial to him, which he thought the most spirited, the most cultivated, and the most entertaining in the world. He had a penchant for speculation, and Paris was the favorite resort of philosophers who had learned to respect and love one great American, Franklin, and who were delighted to add another American to their circle. If Jefferson lacked the originality, profundity, and wit of Franklin, his suggestiveness and enthusiasm suited the French temperament of the day, and kept alive the popular interest in the experiment in government across the Atlantic. Jefferson's letters, whether written to ladies, men of letters, or statesmen, have a grace and charm suited to any age. He never lost an opportunity to extend the information about his own country, and to commend the virtues and happiness of his fellow countrymen as worthy of imitation. He was industrious in acquiring information as to new inventions and improvements in agriculture, which he communicated to his correspondents in the new world. Thus, we find him writing to Edward Rutledge, Paris, July 14, 1787: "I was glad to find that the adoption of your rice to this market was considered worth attention, as I

had supposed it. I set out from hence impressed with the idea the rice dealers here had given me, that the difference between your rice and that of Piedmont proceeded from a difference in the machine for cleaning it. At Marseilles I hoped to know what the Piedmont machine was; but I could find nobody who knew anything of it. I determined therefore to sift the matter to the bottom by crossing the Alps into the rice country. I found the machine exactly such a one as you had described to me in Congress in the year 1775. There was but one conclusion to be drawn, to-wit, that the rice was of a different species, and I determined to take enough to put you in seed." This helpfulness was the best service Jefferson could render his countrymen at that time, and it shows the benevolent side of his character.

English-German
Comparative
Grammar.

About a year ago Professor Victor Henry of the University of Paris published his "*Précis de Grammaire Comparée de l'Anglais et de l'Allemand*," and recently his own translation has appeared under the title "*Comparative Grammar of English and German*" (Macmillan). The book, as the preface points out, is intended to introduce the comparative method to students having some knowledge of both languages, though for the English reader it will be intelligible after he has mastered the general outlines of the grammatical structure of German. The author does not presuppose a knowledge of either Sanskrit or Greek, but deals with the subject simply from the Germanic side. The book includes a list of about forty of the most essential works on Germanic philology, and a short introduction on the classification and relation of the Germanic languages and dialects. The body of the work is divided into four parts, treating respectively Sounds, Words, Declension, and Conjugation. In the first division a brief survey of the elements of physiological phonetics is followed by a study in which the vowels are traced back, by the inductive method, to their common prehistoric form. In a similar manner the laws of consonantal change are discussed. The treatment, though brief, is clear, and affords the beginner a presentation of the subject that is easily comprehended. The accepted results of recent German investigation are stated in such a way that the English-speaking student will find it advantageous to read what Professor Henry has to say on the subject of Phonetics before taking up a work like Sievers's *Grundzüge*. The chapter, or rather section, on Words deals with the subject of derivation, and affords a systematic discussion of a subject upon which courses of lectures are frequently given at German universities, but upon which the literature that is useful to the beginner is meagre. Independent of its scientific value, it affords the student an opportunity to enlarge and strengthen his German vocabulary; for it exhibits clearly, and in a manner easily remembered, some of the most important points of agreement and difference between English

and German words. The two following sections deal with the inflections, and show the essentially Germanic structure of the English. The book concludes with an excellent index of English and of German words, the former containing some nine hundred entries and the latter a rather larger number. Various errors in the French edition have been corrected. The work is satisfactorily printed, and the English is surprisingly idiomatic and accurate. All things considered, the work is an able and valuable one, and is unrivalled in English.

*Snake Dance
of the Indians.*

The fourth volume of the "Journal of American Ethnology and Archaeology" (Houghton) continues the records of the Hemenway Southwestern Archaeological Expedition, and is a worthy successor to the previous volumes. It is dedicated "to the memory of Mrs. Mary Hemenway": a reminder of the loss to the world of a noble-hearted woman, liberal in her interested helpfulness of scientific work in America. Dr. Fewkes is the author of the volume, in the preparation of which he was assisted by Mr. Owens and Mr. Stephen. The chief author, deeply interested as he is in the comparative study of American Indian Ceremonials, must have felt a special satisfaction in preparing this description of the famous Snake Dance of the Mokis. The ceremony, which is celebrated but once in two years at any one pueblo, was observed by Dr. Fewkes at Walpi in 1891 and 1893. The account given relates chiefly to the observance of 1891, but is pieced out here and there with the later notes. A careful description of each stage of the nine days' ceremony is presented; utensils, dress, gestures, songs, are minutely detailed; illustrations help to clearness of understanding. No attempt is made to explain the significance of the ceremony, but the myth dramatized at one part of the performance is presented. This snake dance, in which living rattlesnakes are carried writhing in the mouths of the performers, has been for years a favorite subject with newspaper writers. But although some good material—notably Captain Bourke's book—has been published, students will hail this carefully detailed account as perhaps the most valuable contribution to the subject yet made.

*The living
composers
of Germany.*

The excellent series of "Masters of Contemporary Music" (imported by Scribner) has a new volume devoted to the living composers of Germany, written by Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland. A volume dealing with such names as Brahms, Bruch, Goldmark, Joachim, and Clara Schumann, has a field of great interest, even though it be true, as the author thinks, that "the tide of music which for so many years has favored Germany above all other nations seems almost at the ebb, at last." The enormous influence of Wagner upon the musical art of this century has in some ways repressed rather than stimulated the productivity of his contemporaries in the same sphere of production; German opera has indeed been marked

by few works that can be called "epoch-making." One living German composer, however, must be accorded a place among the immortals,—Johannes Brahms, the defender of musical orthodoxy against the tendencies of the "music of the future." In him no quality of greatness is lacking. His ideas are marked by grandeur, wealth, and originality; he uses the old forms with ease and power, or develops them into new organisms, full of suggestion and opportunity for his successors; the greatest of his works are marked both by deep expression and exquisite beauty, and none of his writings are without signs of genius. Brahms's principal works are discussed and analyzed by Mr. Maitland with great intelligence and sympathy. The portraits and bibliography connected with each sketch are valuable features of the volume.

*"Prose
Fancies."*

Mr. Le Gallienne's book of "Prose Fancies" (Putnam) is easy reading and gives the reader many pleasant moments. It is a pleasure not unmixed, for the good and the mediocre more than once join hands across the pages. If one could omit an unnecessary third or half of the volume he would have left a small handful of sketches whose charm is real. Mr. Le Gallienne, as one might surmise from the fine portrait that faces the title-page, possesses a delicate fancy and clear insight. He is at his best, in this volume, when he writes of serious things seen in the garb of graceful metaphor. His best mood is romantic, and when writing in that mood he produces something that has the flavor of poetry and the outward form of art. Sometimes he turns out a sentence that penetrates quite through the surface; as when he speaks of "that delicate instinct for proportion, which is one of the most precious attributes of what we call a gentleman." Humor he has, too, which is pleasantest when it skims lightly over a subject; the avowedly humorous pieces in the book smacking often of hack-work. The book has no one theme: the five and twenty sketches are unrelated, and range from facetious satire to thoughtful musing on the *Ewigweibliche*. If a common aim may be found, it is that the various papers protest against shams and unrealities.

*Repetitions and
parallelisms in
English verse.*

The many who feel that the more subtle effects of verse structure are left untouched by the ordinary metrical analysis will open with interest a little volume by Professor C. Alphonso Smith, entitled "Repetitions and Parallelisms in English Verse" (University Publishing Company). These terms were used by Longfellow in writing of the characteristics of the verse (imitated from the Finnish) in his "Hiawatha"; but it is in Poe and Swinburne that the wonderful poetical capabilities of repetition and parallelism appear in their full development. Professor Smith has traced the employment of these devices from the early ballads, through Coleridge, to Poe; and from Poe, through Baudelaire, to Swinburne.

With an ear sensitive to catch the most delicate effect, he at times, perhaps, tries to point out harmonies that do not exist; but the reader will thank him for bringing out some hidden beauties that may have hitherto escaped him. No attempt is made to give a psychological explanation of the effects.

Historical studies of the English language.

If Mr. Charles Sears Baldwin's "Inflections and Syntax of the Morte D'Arthur" is an earnest of what may be expected from Messrs. Ginn & Co.'s plan of co-operation with scholars in publishing works of special rather than of general interest, the publishers deserve for this plan the thanks of the learned world. Mr. Baldwin's book is a real contribution to the history of the English language, giving a clear statement, with copious and even exhaustive exemplification, of the main features of the language as fixed for the nonce in the usage of Malory. The sections treating of the verb *ablaut*, and of prepositions, are especially good. The faults of the book are not serious: the index should be fuller; much might fitly have been treated here that has been left, presumably, to lexicography. The author's commendable intention of editing selections from the "Morte D'Arthur" for school use will, when carried out, increase greatly the value of the present work.

The Cross as a religious symbol.

Mr. William Blake's "The Cross, Ancient and Modern" (Randolph) gives much interesting information regarding the cross as a religious symbol. Part I., "The Cross in the Orient," shows that it was used among the Early Aryans, the old Egyptians, Babylonians, Greeks, Scandinavians, and other pre-Christian peoples. The various forms—*svastika*, *tau*, etc.—are mentioned, and their meanings suggested. The Christian cross, and its variations in art, heraldry, and architecture, are briefly considered. Part II., "The Cross in the Occident," presents the evidence regarding this symbol among North American tribes before white settlement. The crosses of Mexico, of the Mississippi Valley Mound-building tribes, etc., are described. The style of the work is simple and readable, and the many illustrations—more than a hundred—add to the value of the book.

Stratford described and pictured.

"Shakespeare's Stratford" (Scribner) is a thin volume of wood-cuts and descriptive letter-press of which Mr. Hallsworth Waite is the draughtsman and author. The writing is interesting, and many of the sketches are decidedly good. Stratford and vicinity is the field of the artist's pilgrimage, and the book records his impressions in simple prose and unaffected drawing. The eye for the picturesque is manifest, and if the sixty or more of illustrations never rise to brilliancy, they are never less than worthy of their theme. The book is a pleasant "souvenir volume" to the Stratford visitor, and a tantalizing glimpse of Shakespeare's town and country to the stay-at-home reader of the plays.

Character studies of literary folk.

"Character Studies" (Whittaker), by Mr. Frederick Saunders, the venerable Astor librarian, is a volume containing pleasant and unassuming sketches of six distinguished literary persons whom it has been the author's good fortune to meet or to know. Edward Irving, Mrs. Jameson, Bryant, Longfellow, Washington Irving, and Joseph Green Cogswell are the six, and the distinctive quality of their personalities is set forth in these wide-margined pages. The literary criticism is genial rather than acute, the author's admiration cleaving first of all to those traits that go to make up manhood. The first word of the title is thus to be taken in its moral signification, and its promise is adequately fulfilled in a book that is, in the pleasanter sense of a much abused word, instructive.

BRIEFER MENTION.

A volume of "Selections from the Poems of Arthur Hugh Clough" (Macmillan) has been added to the "Golden Treasury" series. "The Bothie of Tober-na-vuolich" fills the first half of the pretty little volume; selections from "Dipsychus" and "Amours de Voyage," with a few miscellaneous pieces, make up the second half. "Mari Magno" is not represented. The best of Clough is between these covers, and we fancy that posterity will still further sift his slender product, and really treasure not more than a score of pages.

Miss Frances E. Lord, of Wellesley College, has done a simple but much-needed piece of work in her little book on "The Roman Pronunciation of Latin" (Ginn). The work consists of two parts, "Why We Use It" and "How to Use It." In the former we have collected the evidence upon which our knowledge of the pronunciation is based; in the latter we have a number of helpful suggestions to teachers. There are many thousands of secondary school and college teachers in this country who need just such a book as this, both for help in their daily work, and for the confuting of those uninformed persons (still found here and there) who imagine (and say) that we do not really know how Cicero and Quintilian pronounced their native speech.

Dr. George Hempl, of the University of Michigan, deserves the thanks of all teachers of English for his admirable brochure on "Chaucer's Pronunciation and the Spelling of the Ellesmere MS." (Heath). The pamphlet is just what is needed by school and college teachers. It is better than Professor Skeat's introduction to "The Man of Lawe's Tale," and the phonetic basis of its exposition is strictly scientific. The author recommends its use in connection with Dr. Sweet's "Second Middle-English Primer," to be followed by the Morris-Skeat edition of the "Prologue" and "Knight's Tale."

We had hoped to find space for a notice of the Hon. William Warren Vernon's "Readings on the Inferno of Dante" (Macmillan) adequate to the great importance of the work, but a brief description must suffice. It is similar in plan to the companion work on the "Purgatorio," of which a second edition is promised. Text, translation, and commentary run along together, filling the thirteen hundred pages of two thick volumes. Although the "Readings" are said to be "chiefly based on the Commentary of Benvenuto da Imola," they are

really based upon the whole range of Dante literature, and if the student can have but one work of general criticism and exposition, this is decidedly the work that he must get. There is an introduction by the Rev. Edward Moore.

Commander Charles N. Robinson, R.N., has prepared a popular account of "The British Fleet" (Macmillan), which describes in compact form, with many curious and instructive cuts and plates, "the growth, achievements, and duties of the Navy of the Empire." The work has four sections, devoted, respectively, to the growth and history of the Royal Navy, its administration, its material, and its personnel. There is a good index, and an interesting appendix upon the paintings, drawings, and prints that have been reproduced for purposes of illustration. In spite of the many earlier books upon this subject, the present volume really seems to occupy a place hardly filled before.

Dr. Norman Kerr's "Inebriety or Narcomania" (Tait) appears in a new and greatly enlarged edition. The author's experience in the treatment of inebriates has made him one of the foremost authorities upon the subject of this book, and we need hardly add that he handles it in a thoroughly scientific way. He contends strongly that alcoholism and the allied forms of mania are diseases and should be treated as such. He gives a great number of cases from his own exceptional experience to establish this assertion, and presents also the treatment which he has found to be efficacious. Dr. Kerr is an attractive writer, and by avoiding the use of technicalities he has produced a book which all classes can read intelligently.

The usefulness of William Ramsay's "Manual of Roman Antiquities" has been amply tested by the experience of over forty years. A fifteenth edition now appears, revised and partly rewritten by Signor Rodolfo Lanciani, whose name is a sufficient guarantee that the work has been brought down to the date of the most recent excavations. The work, which is imported by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, is a substantial volume of nearly six hundred pages, illustrated with woodcuts and full-page photogravure plates.

The late Dr. John Bradshaw was the compiler of "A Concordance to the Poetical Works of John Milton" (Macmillan) now published, and perhaps more needed than a concordance of any other English poet yet unprovided with such apparatus. The earlier works of Todd, Prendergast, and Cleveland are manifestly inadequate, and students will be thankful for this completer performance of the task. Dr. Bradshaw, who died a year ago, was the editor of Milton in the new "Aldine" series. The present volume contains four hundred double-columned pages.

"Preparatory Physics" (Longmans), by Mr. William J. Hopkins, is a short laboratory course, mainly in mechanics, for schools of secondary grade. Mr. H. N. Chute's "Physical Laboratory Manual" (Heath) is a similar text-book, possibly a trifle more elementary, and undoubtedly more attractive in arrangement and presentation. Mr. J. Edward Taylor's "Theoretical Mechanics—Fluids" (Longmans) is a small treatise especially devised for the unhappy English youth who are cramming for their examinations. The method is totally unlike that of the book just before mentioned.

"An Elementary History of Art" (Imported by Scribner), by Mrs. Arthur Bell ("N. D'Anvers") has long been a favorite among popular manuals. It now

reappears in a fourth edition, carefully revised by the author. The work is used in England as a text-book in civil service examinations, a fact which testifies to its excellence. It attempts to cover the whole field—architecture, sculpture, and painting,—is amply though not very satisfactorily illustrated, is well provided with indexes and glossaries, and its nearly six hundred pages are stoutly bound in half-leather.

A group of recent publications for students and teachers of Latin, published by Messrs. Ginn & Co., comprises the following books: "The First Latin Book," by Messrs. W. C. Collar and M. G. Daniell, of the Boston schools; "Latin at Sight," by Mr. Edwin Post, a book which teachers ought to find particularly useful; an edition of "The Odes and Epodes of Horace," annotated by Professor Clement Lawrence Smith; and "An Introduction to the Verse of Terrence," by Dr. H. W. Hayley. We may mention in this connection Mr. H. W. Auden's translation, from the sixth German edition, of Herr C. Meissner's "Latin Phrase Book" (Macmillan).

The series of "Contributions to American Educational History," edited for the Bureau of Education by Professor Herbert B. Adams, has just been augmented by four volumes of great value. They deal, respectively, with the history of education in Connecticut and Delaware, and of higher education in Iowa and Tennessee. Each of these works is the study of a careful specialist, and treats exhaustively of its subject. When such a work shall have been done for every state in the Union, the historian of education in this country will have at hand something like an adequate collection of materials for his work, and it will be possible to prepare a general account of the subject with some claims to completeness.

"A History of Our Own Times," by Mr. Justin McCarthy, has been a very popular book ever since its appearance ten or more years ago. The popularity is, on the whole, deserved, in spite of the Irish bias and journalistic method of the writer, for nowhere else is so readable a summary of the Victorian period to be found. We now welcome a reissue of the work (Lovell), made more serviceable than ever by an extension from 1880 to 1894, the work of Mr. G. Mercer Adam. The new edition is in two volumes, with a new index and some thirty portraits. It is also moderate in price.

"From Monkey to Man; or, Society in the Tertiary Age" (Dibble) is the title of a romance of our remote ancestors, at the time when they were abandoning their earlier arboreal habit, and had discovered that two legs are better than four. Among other things, the book tells of "the great expedition from Coconut Hill and the wars in Alligator Swamp." Mr. Austin Bierbower is the author of this fanciful production, and Mr. H. R. Heaton has provided it with illustrations. There is not a little humor in the development of the plot, and we come now and then upon a touch obviously satirical of intent.

"Stories from English History" (Macmillan), from Julius Caesar to the Black Prince, is well described by its title, the earlier sketches being given in the form of a dialogue, while those of a later period are plain tales. The author, the Rev. A. J. Church, M.A., has included both legend and fact; and though the stories are necessarily sketchy, they are as satisfactory as their extent permits. The illustrations are reproductions of ancient sculptures and engravings.

NEW YORK TOPICS.

New York, December 25, 1894.

Literary movements and schools arise, reach their culmination, and decline, with such rapidity, nowadays, that it is a question whether the well-worn phrase, *fin-de-siècle*, should not be altered to apply to the close of each succeeding year. It was one B. Franklin, I believe, a printer, who preached that immortal sermon, "The Ephemera," using for his mouthpiece the insect to whom the sum total of existence was compressed within a single day. And B. Franklin's typographical successor, Mr. T. DeVinne, might well preach another such sermon, based on observation of "the feeble fantasists and realists of the day," as they are styled by Mr. Whiting of the Springfield "Republican." Well, the realists have had their day—or so at least Mr. Thayer declares in "The Forum,"—the fantasists are passing, and now we are wondering what will come after the romancers. It is a good time, when everybody is indulging in the festivities of the season and nobody is likely to hear you, to growl at literary and artistic vagaries.

First of all, let me ask what we have done that the Beardsley women should be flaunted at us from the boardings, as is being done by bill-stickers for "The Masqueraders." We are tired of the Beardsley women already, but I suppose they will serve to "work" the multitude for some time yet, and we must endure. As to posters in general, the mania is spreading with frightful rapidity. "Art" is to be seen on every fence, and—tell it not in Gath—in every grocery window. For several months I have been admiring the successive posters of some unknown but enterprising magazine displayed in a neighboring shop. A specially striking winter-scene drew my close attention, and I found myself perusing a summary of the estimable qualities of —'s soups. It is evident that we shall soon surpass the Frenchmen in their own field, and that the magazines will have to seek a new method of advertising. "Tomato-can pictures" will no longer serve as the designation of a popular Academician's pictures among his less-successful rivals,—and why? Because pictures on tomato cans will soon be conformed to "high art."

Then there is "Trilby." Caught at last! How one sympathizes with Mr. Dick at times like these, and with his efforts to keep the head of Charles the First out of his Memorial! But there is no help for it. "Trilby" must be mentioned,—for "Trilby" is to be dramatized. Pray, Messrs. Harpers, and pray, Mr. Du Maurier, suppress any more "Trilby" posters. Let Mr. Palmer spell out the word in letters twenty feet high, if he chooses,—but no pictures. Do not remove the last vestige of our enjoyment of them by such damnable iteration. Are we to have "Trilby" soap—à la Svengali! Are we to have "Trilby" slippers? Not in New York, at least,—for they were several sizes too large in the story! How about "Trilby" living pictures? The brain reels at the thought of the revenues to be gained by farming out "Trilby" privileges. Judging by the crowds at the Fifth Avenue Galleries last week, a travelling art-gallery containing the original drawings would bring in an immense sum. I should be glad to receive one per cent for the suggestion.

"Trilby" must be now approaching the two hundred thousand mark in the "States." A mere ten per cent of the retail price, \$1.75, would net the author \$35,000 for that many copies. Who would not write a "Trilby," if he could, as your contemporary in this city remarks?

It was needless for that contemporary to repeat the old song, however, as to "why people, when they discuss the relations of authors and publishers, so seldom give the publisher credit for common business sense. They do not seem to understand that publishers, like most men, are doing business on business principles." Don't they? I warrant the authors do. This quotation would far better read, "I wonder why people, when they discuss the relations of authors and publishers, so seldom give the *author* credit for common business sense. They do not seem to understand that authors, like most men, are doing business on business principles." How good that sounds. I hope Mr. Du Maurier made a fine bargain. No doubt he will be Baron Du Maurier, if the wind holds fair, and if he be eligible.

Speaking of the profits of English novelists, there is one small item of American interest. Mr. Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward" has just reached its four hundredth thousand. The sale for the past year or two has been slower but steady. He apparently has been following the practice of Mr. Hall Caine, of whom it is said that "he has no work on hand just now; he is enjoying the success of 'The Manxman' and meditating his next big book." Welcome, Messieurs les Anglais, to our golden grain, but restrain the tendency exhibited by certain eager brethren to put their feet in the trough.

Dr. Horace Howard Furness is busily engaged at his country place in Wallingford, Penn., with the final proofs of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," which the J. B. Lippincott Co. will bring out in March. It was at one time rumored that Dr. Furness had given up further work on his "Variorum" edition of Shakespeare; but this is, happily, untrue. "Romeo and Juliet," by the way, the first of the series, appeared in 1871. The "Midsummer Night's Dream" will contain a very full discussion concerning the allegory contained in Oberon's vision of the "fair vestal throned by the West." The identity of the "little Western flower," referred to a few lines further on, is discussed by various authorities in some fifteen pages of fine type. Mary, Queen of Scots, and Lettice Knollys, wife of the Earl of Essex, are, I believe, the most likely originals.

Of all the season's giftbooks, of the standard type, the "Holland" of Signor Edmondo de Amicis, translated by Miss Helen Zimmern and published by Messrs. Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia, seems to me the most beautiful in its simple but elegant binding. The cover design embraces a delicate tracery of tulips, while the printing and the photogravures are as nearly perfect as possible. The edition was sold out soon after publication, but a new supply was obtained in time for the late Christmas trade. This point is interesting as showing how large and constant the demand is for well-made standard works of literature.

It is impossible to name all the literary, educational, and scientific events, which take place here at this season of the year. This week there is the seventh annual meeting of the American Economic Association, with a reception by President Low of Columbia. Next week will include the Memorial Meeting in honor of Robert Louis Stevenson; the recital of an act of Mr. Walter Damrosch's opera, "The Scarlet Letter," announced last year in this correspondence, for which Mr. George Parsons Lathrop has written the libretto; and the triennial Twelfth Night celebration of the Century Club, the only occasion on which all "strangers" are banished from the rooms of the most hospitable of the great New York clubs.

ARTHUR STEDMAN.

LITERARY NOTES.

A revised edition of Mr. Austin Dobson's poems is announced by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Mr. George A. Aitken will edit a sixteen-volume edition of Defoe's works of fiction for Messrs. Dent & Co.

The FitzGerald letters to Fanny Kemble, one hundred or so in number, will first appear serially in "Temple Bar."

Mr. John T. Morse, Jr., will prepare the authorized memoir of Oliver Wendell Holmes, mentioned in our last issue.

The J. B. Lippincott Co. announce a work upon "New High German," in two volumes, by the late William Winston Valentine.

Professor O. F. Emerson is about to follow up his "History of the English Language" with a similar but smaller volume for high-school use.

Mr. Humphry Ward is this winter to make a tour in the United States, lecturing on art and artists. It is said that Mrs. Ward will accompany him.

Mme. Blanc's papers on "The Condition of Woman in the United States," translated by Miss Abby Langdon Alger, are announced by Messrs. Roberts Brothers.

Messrs. Leincke & Buechner (Westermann) send us a neatly-printed "Catalogue Raisonné of German Literature," giving priced lists of German classical works, together with notes upon the best English translations.

Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie, whose "Chapters of Unwritten Memoirs" are reviewed in this issue of THE DIAL, is reported to have under consideration the preparation of an annotated edition of her father's work.

The Rev. George E. Ellis, President of the Massachusetts Historical Society, died in Boston on the twenty-first of December, at the age of eighty. He was the author of many biographical, historical, and theological works.

Dr. John Chapman, for many years editor of "The Westminster Review," and the intimate associate of George Eliot, Froude, Dr. Martineau, and Mr. Spencer, died early in December. For many years past he had practised medicine in Paris, although he still kept his hold upon the "Review."

A "Social England" series, edited by Mr. Kenelm L. Cotes, is announced by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. The first volume to appear will be "Troubadours and Courts of Love," by Mr. J. F. Rowbotham. Other volumes will be "The English Manor," by Professor Vinogradoff; and "The Pre-Elizabethan Drama," by Miss Lucy Toulmin Smith.

The name of Lord Rosebery heads the list of a committee organized to secure the purchase of Carlyle's house in Cheyne Road, Chelsea. It is hoped to make a Carlyle Museum of the building. A fund of about £4000 is needed, and subscriptions are invited. Remittances may be made to Mr. A. C. Miller, 61 Cecil St., Manchester, England.

Mr. L. J. B. Lincoln, the editor of "Uncut Leaves," has begun the issue of a "monthly letter of advance criticism and literary information." The first number has appeared, and consists of twelve pages of fresh and readable comment upon books recently, or about to be, published, as well as notes upon the doings of literary folk in New York and elsewhere.

Our imports of books and other printed matter for the first nine months of last year amounted to a little

over two and a half millions of dollars, nearly half being dutiable. This is a falling-off of about twenty-five per cent from the figures for the corresponding period of 1893. During the same nine months we exported books to the value of one and three-quarters millions of dollars.

The publication of that valuable weekly, "Science," has just been resumed, under the direction of an editorial committee whose membership includes such leaders of American scientific thought as Professors Newcomb, Mendenhall, Pickering, Remsen, LeConte, Davis, Marsh, Brooks, Brinton, and Cattell. We heartily welcome the reappearance of the periodical after its long eclipse.

Dr. John Lord, the well-known writer and lecturer upon history, died at his home in Stamford, Conn., on the fifteenth of December. He was one of the men of 1809, and his birthday was that of Mr. Gladstone, December 29. "Beacon-Lights of History" is his most widely-read work. The Rev. Alex. S. Twombly, D.D., of Newton, Mass., is preparing a memoir of Dr. Lord. He would gladly receive memoranda of fact, letters from Dr. Lord, etc., and, in all cases where it is requested, will carefully preserve and return such material after having copied from it what may suit his purposes.

A Memorial Meeting in honor of the late Robert Louis Stevenson will be held in the great auditorium of the Carnegie Music Hall, New York, on the evening of January 4. It will be held under the auspices of Mr. Lincoln's "Uncut Leaves" Society and the St. Andrews Society, of that city, leading authors, artists, editors, and business men coöperating. Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman will preside and deliver the opening address. Speeches are expected from Messrs. Richard Henry Stoddard, Andrew Carnegie, William Winter, George W. Cable, Parke Godwin, David Christie Murray, and others. Mr. Nelson Wheatcroft will recite a ballad and a selection from a story by Stevenson, and musical interludes will be given by an orchestra.

In Whittier's lately published Letters several references are made to the poem of "Barbara Frietchie," the historical basis of which has more than once been called in question. A note from Mr. Whittier to the editor of this journal, not included in the recent collection, touches the point at issue, though, it must be admitted, not very conclusively. The note is dated from Amesbury, Nov. 15, 1885, and in it Mr. Whittier says: "Of the substantial truth of the heroism of Barbara Frietchie I can have no doubt. Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth, the novelist, of Washington, sent me a slip from a newspaper, stating the circumstance as it is given in the poem, and assured me of its substantial correctness. Dorothea L. Dix, the philanthropic worker in the Union hospitals, confirmed it. From half a dozen other sources I had the account, and all agree in the main facts. Barbara Frietchie was the boldest and most outspoken Unionist in Frederick, and manifested it to the Rebel army in an unmistakable manner."

The "Saturday Review," under the new management of Mr. Frank Harris, is making a fierce attack upon the new Oxford School of English Literature. The following is a specimen of the slashing sort of criticism that is being served up weekly: "The curriculum of the new School of English Language and Literature at Oxford is now before us. To say that it justifies our fears of what such a Board of Studies, as the Board appointed for the regulation of this School, would be likely to produce, would be to give a very imperfect idea of so de-

plorable an exhibition of pedantry, ignorance, and incompetence. Of pedantry, for all that has any pretension to satisfactory organization is the Philological portion; of ignorance, for the boundary dates assigned to particular epochs in our literature are often as muddled as they are misleading, while the selection of books prescribed for special study displays utter inability to distinguish between what is and what is not characteristic and significant in the works of individual authors, both particularly in relation to the authors themselves and generally in relation to the era at which such works appeared; of incompetence, for two-thirds of what constitutes a literary education in the true sense of the term—an adequate acquaintance with classical literature, a knowledge of the principles of criticism, the possession of a good style, of sound judgment, of refined taste, and the like—are in the provisions of this curriculum simply ignored. Regarded as a curriculum of Philology it is most inadequate. Regarded as a curriculum in Literature it is literally below contempt."

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

January, 1895 (First List).

American Parties, Beginnings of. Noah Brooks. *Scribner*.
 American Type, Survival of the. J. H. Denison. *Atlantic*.
 Animal Tinctumutants. James Weir, Jr. *Popular Science*.
 Babies and Monkeys. S. S. Backman. *Popular Science*.
 Ballet, Art in the. C. Wilhelm. *Magazine of Art*.
 Booth's Letters. E. A. Barron. *Dial*.
 Botany in German Universities. G. J. Pierce. *Educa'l Rev.*
 Bourbons, The Fortunes of the. Kate M. Rowland. *Harper*.
 Charleston and the Carolinas. Julian Ralph. *Harper*.
 Christmas Customs. Elizabeth F. Seat. *Lippincott*.
 College Reforms. Charles C. Ramsay. *Educational Rev.*
 Concentration. F. M. McMurry. *Educational Rev.*
 Cooperative Production in the British Isles. *Atlantic*.
 Dickens's Place in Literature. Frederic Harrison. *Forum*.
 Dramatic Season, The. Edward Marshall. *McClure*.
 Eisteddfod, The Meaning of an. Edith Brower. *Atlantic*.
 England, Social Progress in. A. B. Woodford. *Dial*.
 Ethics in Natural Law. L. G. Jones. *Popular Science*.
 France, The Genius of. Havelock Ellis. *Atlantic*.
 Fujisan. Alfred Parsons. *Harper*.
 Gallia Rediviva. Adolphe Cohn. *Atlantic*.
 Ibsen's New Play. W. M. Payne. *Dial*.
 Japanese, Mental Characteristics of. G. T. Ladd. *Scribner*.
 Journalists, The Pay and Rank of. Henry King. *Forum*.
 Literary London, Mrs. Ritchie's Memories of. *Dial*.
 Marengo, The Battle of. Joseph Petit. *McClure*.
 McLachlan, Thomas Hope. Selwyn Image. *Mag. of Art*.
 Mirabeau and the French Revolution. D. L. Shorey. *Dial*.
 Money Controversy, The. Louis R. Garnett. *Forum*.
 Moral Standards, Our. Albert B. Hart. *Forum*.
 Munich as an Art Centre. M. H. Spielmann. *Mag. of Art*.
 New York Slave-Traders. Thomas A. Janvier. *Harper*.
 Pacific, Naval Control of the. Marsden Manson. *Overland*.
 Parkhurst, Charles H. E. J. Edwards. *McClure*.
 Political Discussions, Recent. H. P. Judson. *Dial*.
 Presidential Election System, Our. James Schouler. *Forum*.
 Salvation Army Work in the Slums. Maud Booth. *Scribner*.
 Schoolroom Ventilation. G. H. Knight. *Popular Science*.
 Sculpture of the Year. Claude Phillips. *Magazine of Art*.
 Shakespeare in a New Light. E. E. Hale, Jr. *Dial*.
 Shakespeare's Americanisms. H. C. Lodge. *Harper*.
 Singapore. Rounseville Wildman. *Overland*.
 Socialist Novels. M. Kauffman. *Lippincott*.
 Stedman and British Contemporaries. Mary J. Reid. *Overland*.
 Stevenson, Robert Louis. *Dial*.
 Strike Commission, Report of the. H. P. Robinson. *Forum*.
 Tree, Herbert Beerbohm. Gilbert Parker. *Lippincott*.
 Underwood, Francis H. J. T. Trowbridge. *Atlantic*.
 Weeks and Sabbaths, Origin of. A. B. Ellis. *Pop. Science*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 91 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

HISTORY.

The Two First Centuries of Florentine History: The Republic and Parties at the Time of Dante. By Prof. Pasquale Villari; trans. by Linda Villari. Illus., 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 365. Macmillan & Co. \$3.75.
 London and the Kingdom: A History. By Reginald R. Sharpe, D.C.L. Vol. II.; 8vo, pp. 650. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$3.50.
 History of the Jews. By Professor H. Graetz. Vol. IV., 1270-1618 C. E.; 8vo, pp. 743. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society. \$3.
 The Crusades: The Story of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem. By T. A. Archer and Charles L. Kingsford. Illus., 12mo, pp. 467. Putnam's "Story of the Nations." \$1.50.
 The Post in Grant and Farm. By J. Wilson Hyde, author of "The Royal Mail." 12mo, uncut, pp. 355. Macmillan & Co. \$1.75.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

The Life of Richard Owen. By his grandson, the Rev. Richard Owen, M.A.; with essay by the Right Hon. T. H. Huxley, F.R.S. In 2 vols., illus., 12mo, uncut. D. Appleton & Co. \$7.50.
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